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## HISTORY.

*History of the Conquest of Peru; with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, of the Royal Academy of Berlin, of History at Madrid, &c. In Two Volumes. Bentley.

In addition to the copious selection made last week from the Introduction, as being best adapted for extract, we present a few passages from the historical narrative.

We could not find a more interesting specimen of Mr. PRESCOTT's powers of narration than

## THE DEATH OF THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, he was greatly overcome by it. He had, indeed, for some time looked to such an issue as probable, and had been heard to intimate as much to those about him. But the probability of such an event is very different from its certainty; and that, too, so sudden and speedy. For a moment, the overwhelming conviction of it unmanned him; and he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "What have I done, or my children, that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too," said he, addressing Pizarro; "you, who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from my hands!" In the most piteous tones he then implored that his life might be spared, promising any guarantee that might be required for the safety of every Spaniard in the army; promising double the ransom he had already paid, if time were only given him to obtain it. An eye-witness assures us that Pizarro was visibly affected, as he turned away from the Inca, to whose appeal he had no power to listen, in opposition to the voice of the army, and to his own sense of what was due to the security of the country. Atahualpa, finding he had no power to turn his conqueror from his purpose, recovered his habitual self-possession, and from that moment submitted himself to his fate with the courage of an Indian warrior. The doom of the Inca was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the great square of Caxamalca; and, two hours after sunset, the Spanish soldiers assembled by torch-light in the plaza to witness the execution of the sentence. It was on the 29th of August, 1533. Atahualpa was led out, chained hand and foot; for he had been kept in irons ever since the great excitement had prevailed in the army respecting an assault. Father Vincente de Valverde was at his side, striving to administer consolation, and, if possible, to persuade him at this last hour to abjure his superstition, and embrace the religion of his conquerors. He was willing to save the soul of his victim from the terrible expiation in the next world, to which he had so cheerfully consigned his mortal part in this. During Atahualpa's confinement, the friar had repeatedly expounded to him the Christian doctrines, and the Indian monarch discovered much acuteness in apprehending the discourse of his teacher. But it had not carried conviction to his mind, and though he listened with patience, he had shewn no disposition to renounce the faith of his fathers. The Dominican made a last appeal to him in this solemn hour; and, when Atahualpa was bound to the stake, with the faggots that were to kindle his funeral

pile lying around him, Valverde, holding up the cross, besought him to embrace it and be baptised, promising that, by so doing, the painful death to which he had been sentenced should be commuted for the milder form of the *garrote*—a mode of punishment by strangulation, used for criminals in Spain. The unhappy monarch asked if this were really so, and, on its being confirmed by Pizarro, he consented to abjure his own religion, and receive baptism. The ceremony was performed by Father Valverde, and the new convert received the name of Juan de Atahualpa; the name of Juan being conferred in honour of John the Baptist, on which day the event took place.

Atahualpa expressed a desire that his remains might be transported to Quito, the place of his birth, to be preserved with those of his maternal ancestors. Then turning to Pizarro, as a last request, he implored him to take compassion on his young children, and receive them under his protection. Was there no other one in that dark company who stood grimly around him, to whom he could look for the protection of his offspring? Perhaps he thought there was no other so competent to afford it, and that the wishes so solemnly expressed in that hour might meet with respect, even from his conqueror. Then, recovering his stoical bearing, which for a moment had been shaken, he submitted himself calmly to his fate: while the Spaniards, gathering around, muttered their *credos* for the salvation of his soul! Thus, by the death of a vile malefactor, perished the last of the Incas!

Further on it is said of the unhappy Inca that he had a handsome countenance, though with an expression somewhat too fierce to be pleasing. His frame was muscular and well-proportioned, his air commanding, and his deportment in the Spanish quarters had a degree of refinement, the more interesting that it was touched with melancholy. He is accused of having been cruel in his wars and bloody in his revenge. It may be true; but the pencil of an enemy would be likely to overcharge the shadows of the portrait. He is allowed to have been bold, high-minded, and liberal. All agree that he shewed singular penetration and quickness of perception. His exploits as a warrior had placed his valour beyond dispute. The best homage to it is the reluctance shewn by the Spaniards to restore him to freedom. They dreaded him as an enemy, and they had done him too many wrongs to think that he could be their friend. Yet his conduct towards them from the first had been most friendly; and they repaid it with imprisonment, robbery, and death. The body of the Inca remained on the place of execution throughout the night. The following morning it was removed to the church of San Francisco, where his funeral obsequies were performed with great solemnity. Pizarro and the principal cavaliers went into mourning, and the troops listened with devout attention to the service of the dead from the lips of father Valverde. The ceremony was interrupted by the sound of loud cries and wailing, as of many voices, at the doors of the church. These were suddenly thrown open, and a number of Indian women, the wives and sisters of the deceased, rushing up the great aisle, surrounded the corpse. This was not the way, they cried, to celebrate the funeral rights of an Inca; and they declared their intention to sacrifice themselves on his tomb, and bear him company to the land of spirits. The audience, outraged by this frantic behaviour, told the intruders that Atahualpa had died in the faith of a Christian, and that the God of the Christians abhorred such sacrifices. They then caused the women to be excluded from the church; and several, retiring to their own quarters, laid violent hands on themselves, in the vain hope of accompanying their beloved lord to the bright mansions of the sun. Atahualpa's remains, notwithstanding his request, were laid in the cemetery of San Francisco. But from thence, as is reported, after the Spaniards left Caxamalca, they were secretly removed, and carried, as he had desired, to Quito.

Let us turn now to the description of the close of the career of one of the conquerors.

## THE DEATH OF CARBAJAL.

The convoy was soon swelled by a number of the common file from the royal army, some of whom had long arrears to settle with the prisoner; and not content with heaping reproaches and imprecations on his head, they now threatened to proceed to acts of personal violence; which Carbajal, far from deprecating, seemed rather to court, as the speediest way

of ridding himself of life. When he approached the President's quarters, Centeno, who was near, rebuked the disorderly rabble, and compelled them to give way. Carbajal, on seeing this, with a respectful air demanded to whom he was indebted for this courteous protection. To which his ancient comrade replied, "Do you not know me—Diego Centeno?" "I crave your pardon," said the veteran, sarcastically alluding to his long flight in the Charcas, and his recent defeat at Huarina; "It is so long since I have seen anything but your back, that I had forgotten your face!" \* \* \* When his doom was communicated to Carbajal, he heard it with his usual indifference. "They can but kill me," he said, as if he had already settled the matter in his own mind. During the day many came to see him in his confinement; some to upbraid him with his cruelties, but most from curiosity to see the fierce warrior who had made his name so terrible through the land. He shewed no unwillingness to talk with them, though it was in those sallies of caustic humour in which he usually indulged at the expense of his hearer. Among these visitors was a cavalier of no note, whose life, it appears, Carbajal had formerly spared when in his power. This person expressed to the prisoner his strong desire to serve him; and as he reiterated his professions, Carbajal cut them short by exclaiming—"And what service can you do me? Can you set me free? If you cannot do that, you can do nothing. If I spared your life, as you say, it was probably because I did not think it worth while to take it." Some piously disposed persons urged him to see a priest, if it were only to unburden his conscience before leaving the world. "But of what use would that be?" asked Carbajal. "I have nothing that lies heavy on my conscience, unless it be, indeed, the debt of half a real to a shopkeeper in Seville, which I forgot to pay before leaving the country." He was carried to execution on a hurdle, or rather in a basket, drawn by two mules. His arms were pinioned; and as they forced his bulky body into this miserable conveyance, he exclaimed, "Cradles for infants, and a cradle for the old man too, it seems!" Notwithstanding the disinclination he had manifested to a confessor, he was attended by several ecclesiastics on his way to the gallows; and one of them repeatedly urged him to give some token of penitence at this solemn hour, if it were only by repeating the Pater Noster and Ave Maria. Carbajal, to rid himself of the ghostly father's importunity, replied by coolly repeating the words "Pater Noster," "Ave Maria." He then remained obstinately silent. He died, as he had lived, with a jest, or rather a scoff, upon his lips.

Although cultivating the arts of peace at home, the Peruvians were a warlike people, and delighted in foreign conquest.

The ultimate aim of its institutions was domestic quiet. But it seemed as if this were to be obtained only by foreign war. Tranquility in the heart of the monarchy, and war on its borders, was the condition of Peru. By this war it gave occupation to a part of its people, and by the reduction and civilisation of its barbarous neighbours gave security to all. Every Inca sovereign, however mild and benevolent in his domestic rule, was a warrior, and led his armies in person. Each successive reign extended still wider the boundaries of the empire. Year after year saw the victorious monarch return laden with spoils, and followed by a throng of tributary chieftains to his capital. His reception there was a Roman triumph. The whole of its numerous population poured out to welcome him, dressed in the gay and picturesque costumes of the different provinces, with banners waving above their heads, and strewing branches and flowers along the path of the conqueror. The Inca, borne aloft in his golden chair on the shoulders of his nobles, moved in solemn procession, under the triumphal arches that were thrown across the way, to the great temple of the Sun. There, without attendance—for all but the monarch were excluded from the hallowed precincts—the victorious prince, stripped of his royal insignia, barefoot, and with all humility, approached the awful shrine, and offered up sacrifice and thanksgiving to the glorious deity who presided over the fortunes of the Incas. This ceremony concluded, the whole population gave itself up to festivity; music, revelry, and dancing were heard in every quarter of the capital; and illuminations and bonfires commemorated the victorious campaign of the Inca, and the accession of a new territory to his empire. In this celebration we see much of

the character of a religious festival; indeed, the character of religion was impressed on all the Peruvian wars. The life of an Inca was one long crusade against the infidel, to spread wide the worship of the Sun, to reclaim the benighted nations from their brutish superstitions, and to impart to them the blessings of a well-regulated government. This, in the favourite phrase of our day, was the "mission" of the Inca. It was also the mission of the Christian conqueror who invaded the empire of the same Indian potentate. Which of the two executed his mission most faithfully, history must decide.

In conclusion, we take the account of

#### THE VIRGINS OF THE SUN.

The great establishment of Cuzco consisted wholly of maidens of the royal blood, who amounted, it is said, to no less than fifteen hundred. The provincial convents were supplied from the daughters of the curacas or inferior nobles, and occasionally, where a girl was recommended by great personal attractions, from the lower classes of the people. The "Houses of the Virgins of the Sun" consisted of low ranges of stone buildings, covering a large extent of ground surrounded by high walls, which excluded those within entirely from observation. They were provided with every accommodation for the fair inmates, and were embellished in the same sumptuous and costly manner as the palaces of the Incas and the temples; for they received the particular care of government, as an important part of the religious establishment. Yet the career of all the inhabitants of these cloisters was not confined within their narrow walls. Though Virgins of the Sun, they were brides of the Inca, and at a marriageable age the most beautiful among them were selected for the honours of his bed, and transferred to the royal seraglio. The full complement of this amounted in time not only to hundreds, but thousands, who all found accommodations in his different palaces throughout the country. When the monarch was disposed to lessen the number of his establishment, the concubine with whose society he was willing to dispense returned, not to her former monastic residence, but to her own home; where, however humble might be her original condition, she was maintained in great state, and, far from being dishonoured by the situation she had filled, was held in universal reverence as the Inca's bride. The great nobles of Peru were allowed, like their sovereigns, a plurality of wives. The people generally, whether by law, or by necessity stronger than law, were more happily limited to one.

*Florentine History.* By HENRY EDWARD NAPIER. Vols. V. and VI. London, 1847: Moxon.

CAPTAIN NAPIER has sustained to the last page the spirit which we noticed as characterising his history from the commencement. Indeed, as he advances towards our own times, his narrative becomes more and more animated, and he moves among the huge mass of materials that offer themselves at every step, unimpeded by their bulk, never bowing beneath their load, nor yet throwing them aside, but by a happy faculty of discernment which he possesses, selecting their salient points, the strokes of character that tell in the picture, the tones and shades that give it expression, and fix it indelibly on the reader's memory.

Commencing with the reign of ALESSANDRO DE MEDICI, in the year 1532, he traces with masterly hand the gradual decline of Florence from its fame and fortune under this prince and his successors, produced mainly by the pernicious influence of a corrupt church, which swayed a feeble court for its own aggrandisement, encouraging debasing debaucheries and licentiousness, by which it profited. From the high in station, the example, as ever it does, spread downwards to the lowest class of the community, until virtue came to be despised and venality ceased to be shameful. With loss of moral purity came loss of worldly prosperity. Commerce fled from a people who had little energy, and less honesty. Agriculture declined under the oppression of taxes and the indolence of luxurious habits. The court plundered the nobles, the nobles the people, and the church preyed

mercilessly upon both. Literature and art departed from the dwelling-place they had honoured so long and made so famous. The picture is painful but profitable; it reads a lesson by which statesmen and people may profit.

Very interesting, then, it is, after tracing this downward march of a once prosperous and powerful nation, to mark how, under the example and exhortation of one good man, the fall was stayed, and slowly but surely salvation came. LEOPOLD I. in the year 1795, found the country in the last stage of degradation. He resolved to restore it to self-respect, and thence to honour abroad and happiness at home. With an energy which nothing could have inspired but a profound sense of the greatness and glory of his mission, he commenced the work of reform and regeneration. Political and social ills crowded upon his notice, but he grappled bravely with all of them. He abolished the last remnants of feudality, which had lingered for purposes of oppression after they had lost their utility for purposes of good. He relaxed the laws of primogeniture and of entail. He discerned not only the justice but the policy of free trade in its largest sense, and did for Tuscany what we, nearly fifty years later, have been but just enabled to effect in England. He removed from the administration of justice the abuses by which it had been for a long time disgraced. Personal liberty was respected—the right of public discussion acknowledged—and, by the sense of security for the fruits of their labours, men were induced to awaken their slumbering energies, and adventure again on the exciting pursuits of commerce and agriculture. Happily, upon the foundation laid by LEOPOLD, his successors have worked laboriously and consistently, carrying out the grand scheme he had designed, until now we behold Florence one of the most flourishing countries in Europe, with a happy and prosperous people, a liberal, enlightened, and virtuous nobility, an amiable and justly beloved monarch, once more the metropolis of art, the resort of strangers from all parts of the world, who always enter the City of Flowers with delight, enjoy its multitudinous attractions while lingering there, and leave it with regret.

Captain NAPIER has not merely reaped a vast amount of pleasure in the composition of this history; he may count upon a present reputation and a lasting fame, for it will certainly take its place among the standard histories of our language, and doubtless be translated into other tongues. Its merits are so various that it will recommend itself for some feature or another to every taste. Its subject will attract some, its treatment others. Some will enjoy its descriptions, some its reflections. For our own part, we have admired all in turn, and therefore we heartily commend it, not only to book-club readers but to private book-buyers, to whose shelves it will be a valuable acquisition.

We have already extracted so copiously from the preceding volumes, that at this busy season it will be unnecessary to take from those before us more than a single passage. It is a sketch of

#### FLORENCE UNDER THE MEDICI.

Like Augustus, the Medici gave their name to the Florentine age of art, literature, and science; an inherent taste and princely munificence in promoting these, cast a glory over the race which dazzles and hides their vices from the world. There are perhaps few historical examples of a single family producing such a succession of crime and talent, unredeemed by any solid virtue; rich, splendid, and imposing, they caught the applause of Europe by exalting themselves on the personal interests of their own countrymen: each individual while receiving their bounty shared their magnificence, and identified himself with their fame, but in so doing found himself entangled in a silken web of obligation that he had neither the power nor inclination to destroy. Immense riches, expended

with a long-sighted sagacity and the most artful prudence, corrupted the citizens and endeared the corrupters, while the convenience of their protection undermined liberty, which Florence was generally spared the trouble of exercising, except at the nod of her patrons. The Augustine age of Florentine genius was not produced by the Medici, though promoted and encouraged by them all; Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo Buonarroti, Massaccio, Cellini, Andrea del Sarto, and many others were free citizens; and even Cosimo, Piero, Lorenzo, Leo X. and Pope Clement VII. were the offspring of republican Florence. Dante, the glory of his age and country, or rather of modern times (for great men belong to all mankind), and the witty and elegant Boccaccio sprang from a free community; even the melody of Petrarca came sweeping through the solitudes of Vaucluse in echoes from republican Arno, and the fire of his more angry muse burns with the untamed spirit of her origin. Poliziano and the great Lorenzo himself, at once the patron and pupil of literature, were the children of republican liberty; the Ghiberti, the Brunelleschi, the Giotto, Donatelli, and Michelozzi, were all buoyant with republican energy long before Florence dreamed of such a misfortune as monarchy. The Medici on their exaltation had the merit of never checking these fruits of more liberal institutions; all political freedom that could be safely put down was crushed without scruple, but a free spirit was still allowed to animate science, art, and literature; it was even encouraged, for besides their strong natural taste for all those arts that are supposed to improve man, they knew it would throw a splendour over the name sufficient to hide much crime from the superficial view of posterity without endangering their existing power. Still under the first Cosimo and his son almost every able or celebrated Florentine was of republican habits and origin; even Guicciardini himself, one of the basest betrayers of his country's freedom, sprang from the mother whom he sacrificed, and Macchiavelli, after suffering for her sake, was spared the melancholy sight of her total destruction.

The Augustine age of Italy was also that of excessive vice, of cruelty, of oppression, treachery, and assassination, and the Medici were conspicuous in all. It is averred that literature and the arts civilise and soften human nature, and they may do so by reaction; but they are the effect, not the cause, of civilisation—the offspring of a few bright spirits that outstrip the general movement, and strike back their influence upon it. In Florence the impetus was given ere republican virtue became entirely spent and when civilisation was fast increasing; but the source of this last should rather be sought in the reaction of national freedom through a sagacious, and for the times, a well-administered government. There is also a higher power than these that regenerates man,—a power too obvious to every well-constituted mind for consideration here, but to which for eighteen hundred years the world has been mainly indebted for its present state of mildness and moral refinement; a power, too, whose influence is felt, though its source may be too often lost sight of and philosophy invested with its spoils. We must not, however, regard the vices of those times through the more chastened medium of the present: morality was then theoretically known, applauded, if not admired, and frequently practised; but crime was real, active, and habitual; not from wantonness, but to second ambition and individual interests. Success always justified the means, and what would now be contemplated with horror, was then beheld unmoved; everything, both public and private, was a conflict of wits, in which honour and honesty had but little part—cunning and deceit much: he that struck hardest and parried quickest was applauded most and never lacked seconders. It was a low scale of morality; but it belonged to the age, and should therefore be handled less roughly in our estimate of character. Things now most properly condemned were then matters of course: wherefore, to be just, we must translate ourselves into the turbulence of those times, identify ourselves in some manner with the prevailing opinions, and give judgment accordingly. We now have done with the Medici; a new dynasty, a new and a better era breaks on Tuscany; and though liberty still remains dormant, a milder form of absolute government has at least contributed to make the great mass of the people comfortable, perhaps positively happy, as far as such a state is compatible with sublunary existence and the inherent nature of mankind.



## BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African Negro King; and his Experience of Slavery in South Carolina.* Written by Himself. Corrected and Arranged by PETER NEILSON. London, 1847. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is one of the most interesting works we have read for some time. It is as dramatic as a novel, and as fertile in incident and affecting scenes as any romance; nay, it would almost seem to possess a plot, and the issue of events would have been but little different had they been strictly regulated according to what is called *poetic justice*. There is something in all this which might raise a suspicion of the authenticity of the narrative, were it not that it bears throughout the stamp of a sincere and earnest mind. There is no straining after effect, no exaggeration of sentiment or of colouring; the whole is told with the simplicity which belongs peculiarly to truth. In the composition, that is to say in the diction of his autobiography, ZAMBA, it seems, was assisted by various friends, coloured, as well as white. The whole was, previous to publication, carefully revised, and slightly abridged, by Mr. NEILSON.

The interest of the work does not, as we expected, consist so much in its being an exposition of the horrors of slavery by a faithful and complete picture, embodied in the career of one individual, instead of the isolated facts which, though illustrative of the frightful evils necessarily attendant upon so criminal an institution, yet leave us in a measure ignorant of what the life of a slave—the drama of his mental existence, really is; as in the light it throws upon the character of the African negro, his tastes and capacities, considered apart from the sufferings and degradation to which *Christians* have subjected this unfortunate and persecuted race. An interesting study for the psychologist, or for the philanthropist who desires to direct his efforts towards the amelioration of the condition, either as freemen or slaves, of the sable race—our brethren—our equals in the eye of the Great Father of all. ZAMBA can scarcely be said to have personally experienced the evils of slavery. In every respect, after his arrival in America, he stood higher in the scale of moral and intellectual existence, and his happiness as a rational and spiritual being was greatly increased. He is, therefore, no fit type of what slavery may be—and generally is. His testimony, however, to the truth of this assertion is to be received with the greater reliance that he is actuated by no revengeful spirit; there is in his heart no rancour, no bitterness towards the white man, his whole narrative bespeaks a candour of thought, a charity and a gentleness which might well put to the blush many who possess what they imagine the infinite superiority of a fairer skin. For our own part, ZAMBA'S narrative has contributed to strengthen an opinion we have long entertained, that the original mental superiority of the white man is purely imaginary. According to a law of nature, all existences, whether of individuals or races, are constantly in a state either of progression or retrogression. This is a lesson taught by all history as well as by our daily experience. Let us look back upon our own ancestors, their painted bodies, their savage warfare, their human sacrifices, and say in what respect they were superior to the tribes of Africa at the present day. Improvement and degeneration are alike gradual. One generation can accomplish visibly but little; but each generation acts upon the succeeding, not only by external influence, but by the ever-increasing tendencies of hereditary constitution—mental and bodily. The impulse has but to be effectually given, and whether for good or evil, stops not; but is at every step widened and accelerated. It is thus that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and that the inheritance of virtue is for thousands of generations. No:

however modified by birth, by education, by circumstance, by climate, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, in the temperate regions of the old and new worlds, amid the snows of the polar circles, among all people of all nations, and all classes, is every where to be found the same human nature, the same feelings, passions, desires, affections. It is their *direction* alone which is different. We need not tell the children of free, happy, England that such a similarity is an incontestable proof of the natural equality of all mankind, not of the equality run mad which would abolish the natural distinctions of capacity and sex, and reduce the social world to a dead level, which, were it possible, would be destructive of all the best interests of humanity; but of the equal right which all possess to develop their own nature, and employ their own faculties, according to the laws of reason and religion, which press *equally* upon all. That there is as much heart (which is, by the way, not only the starting place, but the goal of all improvement) under the sable skin of the negro, as beneath the fairest and most delicate complexion, the volume before us abundantly testifies. Too often the parallel is anything but in favour of the American, even when the American is a woman! Well might the negro demand in the words of the humane poet, who ceased not bravely to lift up his voice against the foul stain of slavery when it rested on the dominions of his own country—

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
Ere our necks received the chain;  
By the miseries that we tasted,  
Crossing in your barks the main;  
By our sufferings since ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart,  
All sustained by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart;  
Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
Till some reason ye shall find  
Worthier of regard, and stronger  
Than the colour of our kind.  
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings  
Tarnish all your boasted powers,  
Prove that you have human feelings,  
Ere you proudly question ours!

ZAMBA was the only son of the king of an African tribe, whose territory was situated on the banks of the river Congo. He was born in the year 1780. He appears from his earliest years to have been distinguished by great physical courage, a thirst for knowledge, and, considering the scenes among which he was brought up, a spirit of humanity truly wonderful. ZEMBOLA, his father, carried on a trade in slaves, gold-dust, and ivory, and the young ZAMBA lost no opportunity of questioning the captain of the American vessel which came to trade with his majesty in these commodities, concerning the countries and the cities of the white men. He was particularly inquisitive regarding their religion, and actually teased the captain into teaching him the alphabet. By means of a primer, presented to him by this worthy, he acquired some knowledge of the English tongue, and was able, in the course of time, to read words of one syllable. ZAMBA'S is a case certainly strongly illustrative of the pursuits of knowledge under difficulties, and of how the thoughtful spirit intuitively rejects the lies which sway the minds of the multitude, and struggles to attain to the true light the knowledge of the eternal and universal Being, whose spirit, in its all-embracing truth and love, can alone solve the riddle of life, and blend with the spark of immortality the fragment of divinity which remains to attest that man was originally made in the image of God.

A few extracts will best convey an idea of the style of the work, and will serve to illustrate the character and manners of the negro tribes, as well as the early history of ZAMBA. Here is a picture of

## AN AFRICAN METROPOLIS.

The village, or metropolis of his kingdom, already referred



to as my birth-place, consisting of about ninety huts and the king's palace, was built within a hundred yards of the river, which is here about half an English mile in breadth. The bank rises abruptly to about thirty feet above the common level of the water, and the village is thus placed out of reach of the highest floods; and a small but beautiful mountain-stream, issuing from a ravine or glen, enters the Congo at the east end of the village. The royal palace towered over all the other buildings, and was in reality a very considerable edifice. Its form was circular, with an imitation of a dome at the top, in which was hung an old ship's bell that was rung on all great occasions, either of a mournful or joyous nature. The interior of the palace was divided into eighteen or twenty apartments, two of them being furnished in a manner that would rather astonish a European. The *harem*—you will no doubt smile, gentle reader, at the use of this term, applied to such an insignificant building, and amongst such a barbarous people—was furnished with rich carpets and cushions to recline upon, and embellished with some fine mirrors. The audience-chamber was about twenty feet square, having a floor of beautiful polished wood, and was furnished with handsome chairs and tables of foreign manufacture. The walls were adorned with many fine prints; amongst them, I remember in particular, King George III. on horseback, portraits of several English admirals, and some pictures of sea-fights, but above all, a very fine view of London attracted my earliest, I may say, my daily attention.

The articles of European or American manufacture here enumerated, were procured by ZAMBA's father in exchange for the staple merchandise of his country. Very interesting are the following

#### MEDITATIONS OF A YOUNG NEGRO.

When I was even a boy some very strange ideas of time and space entered my mind. I used to lie down upon the ground and gaze for an hour or two upon the glittering stars with feelings of indescribable delight. The sun was too dazzling and too splendid to gaze much upon; but the moon—the mild and gentle moon, and the innumerable clusters of beautiful stars, fascinated my sight, and filled my mind with wonder. For what they were made, how they were made, and of what they were made, altogether puzzled my imagination. I sometimes, however, reasoned thus; suppose I were carried this moment to yonder light star, what then should I see? More stars I should think. And what then? More again—still more and more; and then all will be darkness and nothing. But what then would be beyond that darkness? This was the puzzle. In the same way I reasoned regarding time. After father dies, I shall be king—then I have son, he king—he have son again, more king—more son, more king. And what then? No end can I see. World turn up—all things end. But how end? *Something* must be. I could come to no definite or satisfactory conclusion; yet I think that such thoughts prove that Divine Providence, the light of nature, or whatever it may be called, influenced me to a certain degree even in wild, dark Africa.

Here are two

#### SPORTING ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

When I was about fourteen, having a good constitution, and being well taken care of in regard to food, &c. I had become, by free exercise, very stout and active for my age, and indeed was a match for many men in strength and agility. Arrived at maturity, I one day went forth, accompanied by two clever servants named Buldamah and Bollah—lads who would not, I was confident, flinch at any danger—and having shot several hyenas, I got so eager in the sport that nothing would serve me but a lion encounter, if such could be obtained. I offered a handsome reward to the man who would first start one; and having stretched far into the wildest part of the forest, our ears were at last assailed by a deep and low growl of one of the forest kings. Our dogs soon led us into a hollow, where we perceived a large-sized lion regaling himself on the new-slain carcass of a wild goat. At sight of us he merely turned round for an instant, and then proceeded with his meal, munching and growling alternately like a dog over a bone. Without a moment's hesitation, I fired and hit him on one of the ears. This only irritated him; and before my com-

panions could bring their pieces to a bearing, the huge beast was down upon us with a tremendous roar; and in turning tail, which I naturally did, I fell over a stone, and lay prostrate upon my face. My companions also had taken to their heels on the instant; but, partly through faithfulness to me, and their own natural courage, and partly, perhaps, through fear of my father's anger—which would have been fatal to them had anything happened to me—they rallied, and stood firm for a moment. The lion, coming up with me, laid one of his paws on my back, and putting his nose close to me, began to growl and sniff. The weight of his paw was tremendous, and even painful; but as I had been warned by old hunters of the habits and ways of the lion tribe, I lay dead still, and held in my breath until almost suffocated. When just about to give in for want of breath, I heard two sharp cracks, and in a moment my huge enemy was rolling on the ground. I arose "pretty smartly," as the Americans say, and rushed to my two faithful friends, who clasped me with delight, and even cried for joy. In the meantime the animal continued to roll and tumble in his death agonies, and had we not kept at a respectful distance until he was quite spent, we should probably have paid dearly for our temerity. After taking his dimensions, which we found little inferior to the one my father had so daringly encountered, we took away his skin as a trophy. And now, it may be inquired, how it happened that I, who was so expert a shot as to hit an egg at a hundred yards' distance, did not mortally wound my enemy at first? The truth is, I did not feel quite so steady in my aim as the son of a brave chief ought to have done; and further, I can assure my readers that it is one thing to aim at an egg placed upon an inanimate object, and another to aim at the same egg placed on the forehead of a living and fierce lion. I might mention many other encounters that I had with wild animals as I increased in years; but, not to become tiresome on the subject, shall close my hunting adventures with another anecdote. One day I went forth with about a dozen of my father's regulars, and, after killing some small game, we fell in with a flock of antelopes, of which we were eagerly in pursuit through a kind of open country or prairie, where the grass grew two or three feet high. I had taken a hasty leap over a small rut, and, alighting on something soft and slippery, fell prostrate; ere I could recover myself, I felt something twist round my body and roll me over and over. In a moment it occurred to me that I was within the folds of a serpent. I was squeezed so tightly, that I had only time to give one loud scream for assistance, and instinctively raised my arms upwards in the endeavour to defend my head and face,—being aware, from what I had heard from others, that the serpent would make a twist round my neck. I could hear the monster hissing and playing its head round my face, but could not see, either through pain or horror at my situation. I gradually felt my ribs bending beneath its cruel gripe, and imagined that all was over with me, when, to my inexpressible relief, I heard the voices of my friends; one of whom, with his cutlass, at one blow, severed the monster's head from his body. It still, however, held me firm in its gripe, but speedily two or three of my faithful attendants threw themselves on the tail part of the animal, while another cut about two feet off from its extremity. Instantly I felt relieved, but was quite unable to stand or speak. Fortunately water was at hand, and I soon came to myself, though now quite unconcerned about pursuing antelopes or any other game—for that day, at least. The stench which proceeded, either from the breath of the serpent or from its fluids when cut asunder, was suffocating; and when relieved from its folds I was covered with blood and slime. As near as we could make out its dimensions, the serpent was about sixteen feet in length, and at the thickest part it was about the size of the leg of a stout man. It was a boa-constrictor, and the bite was not poisonous; although it left a mark or two on one of my arms which did not wear off for some years. For many days afterwards I shuddered at the sight, or even the mention, of a snake of any description; and for a long while after I occasionally screamed out in my dreams; nor have I altogether got quit of my horror, even at this day. While I lay prostrate beneath the paw of the lion, as before-mentioned, I felt very uncomfortable—exceedingly so, indeed; but that was nothing to be compared to what I endured whilst held in the folds of the serpent: the feeling was horrible—truly horrible!

On one occasion ZAMBA accompanied his father on a trading expedition to the dominions of

#### KING DARROOLA.

After a passage of six days, mostly accomplished by dint of paddling, we came to King Darroola's landing-place, where we left the vessel in charge of five of the men, and then in formal order proceeded to the village, which made a handsome appearance at about a mile distant. We were soon descried, and King Darroola, at the head of twenty or thirty men, came marching down to meet us. The two chiefs appeared delighted to see each other; and I was regularly introduced. King Darroola's appearance was very striking and commanding, but there was something particularly savage in his smile, and his eyes, which were extraordinarily large, looked horribly malignant. He was dressed in red flannel breeches, with large knee-buckles—his bare legs shewing above half a pair of boots; a blue naval uniform coat, with large gold epaulettes; and a red and blue striped nightcap. As we neared the village, which was surrounded with pallisades, some of his men commenced blowing trumpets, and huzzing with all their might. On entering the gate, the most conspicuous building was the palace, of course, which was really a very decent looking building, of two stories in height. I could, as we drew near to the palace gate, perceive several ladies at the upper windows, one of whom beat upon a drum, and another rattled a tambourine vigorously in honour of our approach. The pallisades which surrounded the palace on all sides, presented a ghastly, and, to me, an appalling sight. At the distance of about every three feet, a human head was stuck on the end of a small pole; some of them appeared quite fresh, others were in various stages of putrefaction. I noticed that the pallisade at one side of the palace was destitute of these horrible trophies; the cause of this was soon explained. Just as my father was entering the gate, he stepped into a small pool of fresh blood, when, without appearing in the least astonished, he turned round to his brother king, and with a half serious, half comical look, said, "What! King Darroola, still keeping up the old amusement? You are extravagant, sir. I am sure you always find me ready enough to bargain for your prisoners or your criminals. What have you been about this morning?" "Ah," answered Darroola, "You know, King Zembola, that I can afford more heads than you. It is only for pocket-money I deal with you. I must have my palace adorned like a true king. I have about fifty blank spaces to fill up yet, and have only furnished three this morning." He then explained that he had made it a rule, every new moon, to fill up at least three vacancies on the pallisades, until they should be furnished all round with heads. One of those he had taken this day, he added, belonged to one of his wives, of whom he was jealous; another was the head of a slave, who had broken by accident a fine crystal bottle; and the third, that of a prisoner, who was rather sickly, and who would not, he believed, have brought ten dollars at all events. He coolly pointed out the three heads, which had just been stuck up in their places, and were still dripping with gore. My father only said, "Sir, sir, you are very extravagant." But the impression made upon my feelings was such that I could not help shuddering at the hideous spectacle; which Darroola perceiving, he clapped me on the shoulder, and said,—"Ah, boy—boy, you have not seen the world, I perceive." I inwardly hoped that I should soon be far from a country of such horrors, and again reverted in my own mind to what Captain Winton had told me regarding the manner in which white men lived.

In revenge for treachery meditated by King DARROOLA during this visit, ZEMBOLA levied war upon him, and both monarchs perished in battle, leaving the victory with the tribe of ZAMBA, who, by the death of his father, became chief. During the slaughter which succeeded the combat, ZAMBA saved the life of a young and beautiful woman, who had appealed to him for protection, and who afterwards proved to be the daughter of his fallen enemy. For this princess the young monarch conceived a passionate attachment; and we are furnished with a detail of the courtship, during which, the generosity and delicacy of feeling evinced, would not have disgraced a similar affair in a more civilised country. Here is an account of the

#### MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES.

The whole ceremony consisted of a few senseless mummeries, performed before a hideous idol, and various invocations to the devil not to harm the newly-married people in any way—to remain neutral, as it were. They neither asked nor expected interposition on his part. They were accompanied by certain rites, of such a nature that I cannot, with propriety, attempt a description of them. There were a great number of strangers present; and feasting and rejoicings of one kind or another, were kept up for ten days; nor did night bring a cessation to the uproar; for so I must term a great part of the festival. An African holiday is chiefly distinguished by uncouth and incessant noise—firing of muskets, beating of drums, blowing of horns, rattling of cymbals and tambourines, and by the human voice, in all the various modulations of shouting, screaming, and yelling. During the festival, various public entertainments were given by lamp-light; and the large cave before described, served very well as the arena of the performances. One night, the entertainment consisted in a number of men, disguised to represent various wild and tame animals, chiefly quadrupeds; though a good many figured as the fowls of heaven. The performers were dressed in the skins of the several creatures intended to be represented; and some of them played their parts with great credit to themselves, and to the infinite satisfaction of the audience. The chief lion performed his part most nobly, and actually might have passed in twilight for a real monarch of the woods; he lashed with his tail, shook his mane, stamped with tremendous dignity, and roared tremendously. Several large baboons frisked and sported with great spirit, and a huge crocodile snapped his jaws, and beat his tail on the ground like a fury; a peacock and two large turkey-cocks, also played their parts well. The whole at last joined in a kind of dance, or rather a stately promenade, bowing, and chattering, and roaring to each other with great complacency. In the midst of this singular masquerade, in came King Gooloo Bambo, in his full accoutrements, riding upon the back of a real, living, tame ostrich, of enormous size, which he had trained for such occasions. His majesty was at least "half-seas over," as the sailors say, and held a cup in one hand, and a large bottle in the other, with which he first helped himself, and drank to the health of all concerned, and then very generously helped each and all of the performers; some of whom, with difficulty, managed to raise the cup to their lips. I need not say that his majesty's performance was greatly applauded by all present. Another night, a drama was represented in a rude way. At last, the festivities came to an end, and all retired to their homes well satisfied, to my great relief; for the last ten days had made a fearful inroad upon my provision-stores, and especially upon the spirit-casks, which were brought to a very low ebb.

After his marriage, which affords us a favourable specimen of domestic life in Africa, ZAMBA's time and attention were directed towards the settlement of *public affairs*, in the arrangement of which he seems to have displayed no small share of untutored policy. His apparently unwarlike disposition provoked the invasion of a neighbouring chief; but ZAMBA's reception of the intruder, shewed that his love of peace was not the result of cowardice or pusillanimity. Shortly after his accession to the throne, he received a visit from the American Captain WINTON, who pressed him to accompany him to America, promising that he would afterwards take him to London. ZAMBA hailed the proposal with great delight; but postponed its acceptance, as business and love detained him at home for the present. During this visit he received a Bible from Captain WINTON, which he also learned to read after an imperfect fashion. The following will give some notion of

#### A NEGRO'S IDEAS ABOUT CHRISTIANITY.

I felt that the life and character of Jesus Christ were totally different from those of all other men whom I could conceive had ever lived before; that he was altogether pure and spotless; that in no sense did he ever seek his own aggrandizement in a worldly sense—rejecting the offers of men to make him a king; that he went about continually doing good, and performing before thousands such miracles as were quite unheard

of previously in the world. It occurred to me also, that he who could feed thousands with a few loaves and small fishes,—who could calm the raging sea, and raise the dead from the grave, could also, if he willed, have called up an army of men from the dust of the ground; but in place of this, he forbade his followers to fight in his defence, and delivered himself up calmly to the rage of his enemies; and all this, that he might save from some awful future calamity the whole race of sinful and wicked mankind. To die for his worst enemies, and even to pray for those who were the immediate instruments of his death, seemed to me altogether so different from the ways of the world, as far as I had seen or heard, that I conceived such a sublime and uncommon idea could arise only in the mind of some being altogether superior to the human race.

Captain WINTON was more successful, on his next expedition to Africa, in persuading the young monarch to accompany him on his return voyage. He embarked, taking with him, by the advice of his white friend, a considerable treasure in slaves, gold dust, and doubloons. With some natural sorrow, but with many high hopes, many bright anticipations, this poor, innocent victim of the white man's treacherous cupidity, quitted his beloved Africa—never again to return. On the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, in South Carolina, this human monster robbed his friend and guest of all his possessions, and sold him for a slave! It makes the blood run cold to have to record such villany, and the heart of the free-born Briton beats with indignation, when he learns that in South Carolina there is for such an injury no redress. The law takes no cognizance of such a crime. The black man's oath is not valid in testimony against his white oppressor. He must suffer, and be silent. To what a world of wrongs does this one abuse testify! And yet it could not well be otherwise in a slave-state. Slavery is of itself injustice and crime, and, as of necessity, drags in its train crime and injustice of every description.

We reserve for a future number ZAMBA's experience of slavery.

(To be continued.)

*Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. London, 1847: Houlston and Stoneman.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

SUCH pleasant gossip as we find in this volume about men whose names are familiar as household words, will, we doubt not, be so acceptable to our readers that no apology will be needed for extending a notice which introduces such agreeable extracts.

This is

COLERIDGE'S ESTIMATE OF SOUTHEY.

Southey stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist, I look in vain for any writer who has conveyed so much information, from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one, in short, who has combined so much wisdom, with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge, with so much life and fancy. His prose is always intelligible, and always entertaining. It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity, to possess the best gifts of talent and genius, free from all their characteristic defects. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm, yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion, and of liberty, of national independence, and of national illumination.

The very morning SOUTHEY was married to Miss EDITH FRICKER, he left his wife in the family of a friend, and set off with his uncle to pass through Spain to Lisbon. The following letter explains the motive of this inauspicious union.

"Falmouth, 1795.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have learnt from Lovell the news from Bristol, public and private, and both of an interesting nature. My marriage is become public. You know that its publicity can give me no concern. I have done my duty. Perhaps you may think my motives for marrying (at that time) not sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe was not mentioned to you. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature, at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband; and (do not shew this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck, or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would then love and cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow. Of such an evil there is but a possibility, but against possibility it was my duty to guard. Farewell,

"Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Some scraps from SOUTHEY's letters from Lisbon will amuse.

A NICE CALCULATION.

The English here unite the spirit of commerce with the frivolous amusements of high life. One of them who plays every night (Sundays are not excepted here) will tell you how closely he attends to profit. "I never pay a porter for bringing a burthen till the next day," says he; "for while the fellow feels his back ache with the weight, he charges high; but when he comes the next day the feeling is gone, and he asks only half the money." And the author of this philosophical scheme is worth 200,000*l*!

LISBON IN 1796.

The city is a curious place; a straggling plan; built on the most uneven ground, with heaps of ruins in the middle, and large open places. The streets filthy beyond all English ideas of filth, for they throw everything into the streets, and nothing is removed. Dead animals annoy you at every corner; and such is the indolence and nastiness of the Portuguese, that I verily believe they would let each other rot, in the same manner, if the priests did not get something by burying them. Some of the friars are vowed to wear their clothes without changing for a year; and this is a comfort to them: you will not wonder, therefore, that I always keep to the windward of these reverend perfumers. The streets are very disagreeable in wet weather. If you walk under the houses you are drenched by the water-spouts; if you attempt the middle, there is a river; if you would go between both there is the dunghill. The rains here are very violent, and the streams in the streets, on a declivity, so rapid as to throw down men; and sometimes to overset carriages. A woman was drowned some years ago, in one of the most frequented streets of Lisbon. But to walk home at night is the most dangerous adventure, for then the chambermaids shower out the filth into the street with such profusion, that a Scotchman might fancy himself at Edinburgh. You cannot conceive what a cold perspiration it puts me in, to hear one dashed down just before me; as Thomson says, with a little alteration:

Hear nightly dashed, amid the perilous street,  
The fragrant stink-pot.

This furnishes food for innumerable dogs, that belong to nobody, and annoy everybody. If they did not devour it, the quantities would breed a pestilence. In a moonlight night, we see dogs and rats feeding at the same dunghill. Lisbon is plagued with a very small species of red ant, that swarm over everything in the house. Their remedy for this is, to send for the priest and exorcise them. The drain from the new convent opens into the middle of the street. An English pigsty is cleaner than the metropolis of Portugal.

On his return, SOUTHEY settled in London, purposing to study the law, and he pursued it for some time; but it proved too irksome, and at last he abandoned it. His letters, during the next two years, are addressed from different parts of the country, but principally from the West of England; and as they exhibit the progress of his mind, the state of his opinions, and contain some interesting accounts of the men and manners of the time, we select some passages from them.



## SOUTHEY ON DEVONSHIRE.

Devonshire is an ugly county. I have no patience with the cant of travellers who so bepraise it. They have surely slept all the way through Somersetshire. Its rivers are beautiful, very beautiful, but nothing else. High hills, all angled over with hedges, and no trees. Wide views, and no object.

## ANECDOTE OF CHARLES FOX.

I have heard a good story of our friend, Charles Fox. When his house at this place was on fire, he found all effort to save it useless, and being a good draughtsman, he went up the next hill to make a drawing of the fire! the best instance of philosophy I ever heard of.

At this period he paid a second visit to Lisbon, whence he addressed the following lively poetical epistle:—

Lisbon, May 9th, 1800.

<p>Dear Cottle, d'y'ee see, In writing to thee, I do it in rhyme, That I may save time, Determined to say, Without any delay, Whatever comes first, Whether best or worst. Alack for me! When I was at sea, For I lay like a log, As sick as a dog. And whoever this readeth Will pity poor Edith: Indeed it was shocking, The vessel fast rocking, The timbers all creaking, And when we were speaking, It was to deplore That we were not on shore, And to vow we would never go voyaging more.</p> <p>The fear of our fighting, Did put her a fright in, And I had alarms For my legs and my arms. When the matches were smoking, I thought 'twas no joking, And though honour and glory And fame were before me, 'Twas a great satisfaction That we had not an action, And I felt somewhat bolder, When I knew that my head might remain on my shoulder.</p> <p>But O! 'twas a pleasure, Exceeding all measure, On the deck to stand, And look at the land; And when I got there, I vow and declare, The pleasure was even Like getting to heaven! I could eat and drink, As you may think;</p>	<p>I could sleep at ease, Except for the fleas, But still the sea-feeling,— The drunken reeling, Did not go away For more than a day: Like a cradle, the bed Seemed to rock my head, And the room and the town, Went up and down.</p> <p>My Edith here, Thinks all things queer, And some things she likes well; But then the street She thinks not neat, And does not like the smell. Nor do the fleas, Her fancy please, Although the fleas like her; They at first view Fell merrily too, For they made no demur. But, O, the sight! The great delight! From this my window, west! This view so fine, This scene divine! The joy that I love best! The Tagus here, So broad and clear, Blue, in the clear blue noon— And it lies light, All silver white, Under the silver moon! Adieu, Adieu, Farewell to you, Farewell, my friend so dear, Write when you may, I need not say, How gladly we shall hear. I leave off rhyme, And so next time, Prose writing you shall see; But in rhyme or prose, Dear Joseph knows, The same old friend in me,</p>
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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Mr. COTTLE relates the following singular history of the early value of the *Lyrical Ballads* poems, the copyright of which is now worth as many pounds as there are lines. So doth Time bring about his reverses!

## THE VALUE OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

As a curious literary fact, I might mention that the sale of the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* was so slow, and the severity of most of the reviews so great, that their progress to oblivion, notwithstanding the merit which I was quite sure they possessed, seemed ordained to be as rapid as it was certain. I had given thirty guineas for the copyright, as detailed in the preceding letters; but the heavy sale induced me at length to part with, at a loss, the largest proportion of the impression of five hundred, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller.

And farther on it is added—

On my reaching London, having an account to settle with Messrs. Longman and Rees, the booksellers of Paternoster-row, I sold them all my copyrights, which were valued as one lot by a third party. On my next seeing Mr. Longman, he told me, that in estimating the value of the copyrights, Fox's *Achmed*, and Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, were "reckoned as nothing." "That being the case," I replied, "as both these authors are my personal friends, I should be obliged if you would return me again these two copyrights, that I may have the pleasure of presenting them to the respective writers." Mr. Longman answered, with his accustomed liberality, "You are welcome to them." On my reaching Bristol, I gave Mr. Fox his receipt for twenty guineas; and on Mr. Coleridge's return from the north, I gave him Mr. Wordsworth's receipt for his thirty guineas; so that whatever advantage has arisen, subsequently, from the sale of this volume of the *Lyrical Ballads* I am happy to say has pertained exclusively to Mr. W.

Mr. COTTLE has preserved an interesting account of the daring series of experiments in the inhalation of gases, practised upon himself by Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, then rising into fame, one of which had been like to have ended fatally.

Mr. Davy was now emboldened to introduce into his green bag four quarts of carburetted hydrogen gas, nearly pure. After exhausting his lungs in the usual way, he made two inspirations of this gas. The first inspiration produced numbness and loss of feeling in the chest. After the second, he lost all power of perceiving external things, except a terrible oppression on his chest, and he seemed sinking fast to death! He had just consciousness enough to remove the mouth-piece from his unclosed lips, when he became wholly insensible. After breathing the common air for some time, consciousness was restored, and Mr. Davy faintly uttered, as a consolation to his then attendant, Mr. John Tobin, "I do not think I shall die."

To these hazardous experiments Mr. COTTLE attributes the disease that ultimately destroyed him.

And here we pause again; but there still remains a considerable part of the volume to be explored.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, the Crimea, the Caucasus, &c.* By XAVIER H. DE HELL, Civil Engineer. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS work is not the result of design, but rather is it the offspring of chance. Mr. DE HELL is a geologist, and it was to push his researches into the developments of his favourite science, that this journey was undertaken. The myth attaching to the Bosphorus, and the accredited tales of its rupture, were also attractions that had their full weight with his scientific mind. But DE HELL was accompanied by a wife,—a literary, inquiring, book-making wife—and to her are we indebted for the volume before us. The Steppes of the Caspian Sea, the Crimea, and the Caucasus, opened up to her infinite sources of outward and visible attraction. And while DE HELL was pondering o'er some long-buried antiquity, his lady questioned the country's inhabitants, observed their manners, and recorded their sayings and doings; and a really interesting book is the result of her labour. The changes in the surfaces of the Caspian shores, as indicated by the presence of shells and other undeniable evidences, and as attested by those living in the vicinity, were to DE HELL subjects of rigid inquiry, and he followed them up with an industry worthy of one who had imbibed the faith of Pallas.

Five years were spent in this ramble through New Russia. To follow the writer through the narrative would be to reprint the volume. We will therefore endeavour to give a notion of the work by a few isolated extracts. And first of

## RUSSIAN RELIGION.

The Russian thinks he perfectly understands and fulfils his religion, if he makes innumerable signs of the cross and genuflections before the smoky picture that adorns his isbas, and scrupulously observes those two commandments of the church, to fast and make lenten fare. His conscience is then quite at ease, even though it should be burdened with the most atrocious crimes. Theft, drunkenness, and even murder, excite in him less horror than the mere idea of breaking fast, or eating animal food on Friday. Nothing can exceed the depravity of the Russian clergy; and their ignorance is on a par with their vicious propensities. Most of the monks and priests pass their lives in disgraceful intoxication, that renders them incapable of decently discharging their religious duties. The priestly office is regarded in Russia, not as a sacred calling, but as a means of escaping from slavery and attaining nobility. The monks, deacons, and priests, that swarm in the churches and monasteries, are almost all sons of peasants, who have entered the church that they may no longer be liable to the knout, and, above all, to the misfortune of being made soldiers. But, though thereby acquiring the right to plunder the serfs, and catechise them after their own fashion, they cannot efface the stain of their birth, and they continue to be regarded by the nobility with that sovereign disdain which the latter profess for all who are not sprung from their own caste. The great and the petty nobles are perfectly agreed in this respect, and it is not uncommon to see a pomestnik raise his hand to strike a pope, whilst the latter humbly bows his head to receive the chastisement. This resignation, which would be exemplary if it were to be ascribed to evangelical humility, is here but the result of the base and crouching character of the slave, of which the Russian priest cannot divest himself, even in the midst of the highest functions of his spiritual life.

The popes are described as men with "neglected beards, besotted faces, and filthy dress," and their dwellings bear no marks of their sacred character—no sign that they are the abodes of "men of God." The Russians are very gluttons, such as no other part of the world can produce. They feast greatly at Easter, and figs and nuts have great charms for them, and are always associated with the musical displays of this period.

The views of the political aspect of the country are rather partial. Mrs. DE HELL excels most in descriptions of customs. The philosophical, too, is beyond her reach. She argues that "Russia has little to fear from malefactors:—

Notwithstanding its vast extent, and its thinly-scattered population, the traveller is safer there than in any other country. But this state of things is to be ascribed rather to the political situation of the people, than to the strict administration of the police; and it is easy to conceive that in a country in which there are none but slaves bound to the soil, highway robberies, generally speaking, are morally impossible, because they can scarcely ever yield any gain to their authors.

We should rather presume that the cowed spirit of the inhabitants is such as to dread danger. The slave robs not his master, because he knows that death would be the consequence; and a more weighty reason than the knowledge that no gain can accrue prevents the Russian serf from avenging himself on his superiors—his oppressors.

In the vicinity of the cataracts of Dniepr, DE HELL pounced upon an iron-mine. A halt was the consequence—and the fair authoress took advantage thereof. We must preserve her description of this spot:—

Near the cataracts, the river has all the depth and calmness of a beautiful lake; not a ripple breaks its dark azure surface. Its bed is flanked by huge blocks of granite, that seem as though they had been piled up at random by the hands of giants. Every thing is grand and majestic in these scenes of primeval nature; nothing in them reminds us of the flight and the ravages of time. There are no trees shedding their leaves on the river's margin, no turf that withers, no soil worn away by the flood: the scene is an image of eternal changelessness.

The Dniepr has deeps here which no plummet has ever fathomed; and the inhabitants allege that it harbours real marine monsters in its abysses. All the fishermen have seen the silurus, a sort of fresh-water shark, capable of swallowing a man or a horse at a mouthful; and they relate anecdotes on this head that transport you to the Nile or the Ganges, the peculiar homes of the voracious crocodile and alligator. One of these stories is of very recent date, and there are many boatmen who pretend to speak of the fact from personal knowledge. They positively aver that a young girl, who was washing linen on the margin of the water, was carried down to the bottom of the Dniepr, and that her body never again rose to the surface. A German village is visible on the other side of the river, at some distance from the house of Mr. Masure, the proprietor of the mine. Its pretty red factories with their green window-shutters, the surrounding forest, and a neighbouring island with cliffs glistening in the sun, fill the mind with thoughts of tranquil happiness. On the distant horizon the eye discerns the rent and pointed rocks, and the fleecy spray of the cataracts. Here and there some rocks just rising above the water, one of which, surnamed the Brigand, is the terror of boatmen, are the haunts of countless water-fowl, whose riotous screams long pursue the traveller as he ferries across from bank to bank. All this scene is cheerful and pastoral, like one of Greuze's landscapes; but the bare hills that follow the undulations of the left bank shew only dreariness and aridity.

The next subject is a perfectly new one. Having fairly left the over-gorged Russians, they now mixed with the oily, smoky Germans (for their colonies preserve the remarkable character of the mother country). We pass over a very lucid and interesting description of a simple class called Mennonites, who much resemble in conduct and training our own Quakers. At Taganrok they again halted, and Mrs. DE HELL roamed discursively here as elsewhere. She was fond of a fine sunset, and in ascending one of the neighbouring hills to view Sol's departing beauties to greater advantage, she was one evening surprised by meeting with "a whole gipsy camp realising one of Sir WALTER SCOTT's most striking fictions." She observes that

Their *paroshks* were arranged in a circle, with the shafts turned upwards, and supporting the cloths of their tents, which could only be entered by creeping on all-fours. Two large fires burned at a little distance from the tents, and round them sat about fifty persons of the most frightful appearance. Their sooty colour, matted hair, wild features, and the rags that scarcely covered them, seen by the capricious light of the flames, that sometimes glared up strongly, and at other moments suddenly sank down and left every thing in darkness, produced a sort of demoniacal spectacle that recalled to the imagination those sinister scenes of which they have so long been made the heroes. The history of all that is most repulsive in penury and the habits of a vagrant life was legible in their haggard faces, in the restless expression of their large black eyes, and the sort of voluptuousness with which they grovelled in the dust; one would have said it was their native element, and that they felt themselves born for the mire with all swarming creatures of uncleanness. The women, especially, appeared hideous to me. Covered only with a tattered petticoat, their breasts, arms, and part of their legs bare, their eyes haggard, and their faces almost hidden under their straggling locks, they retained no semblance of their sex, or even of humanity. The faces of some old men struck me, however, by their perfect regularity of features, and by the contrast between their white hair and the olive hue of their skins. All were smoking—men, women, and children; it is a pleasure they esteem almost as much as drinking spirits. What painter's imagination ever conceived a wilder or more fantastic picture! Hitherto they had not perceived me, but the noise of our carriage, which was rapidly advancing, and my husband's voice, put them on the alert. The whole gang instantly started to their feet, and I found myself, not without some degree of dread, surrounded by a dozen of perfectly naked children, all bawling to me for alms. Some young girls, seeing the fright I was in, began to sing in so sweet and melodious a manner, that even our Cossack seemed affected. We remained a long while listening to them, and admiring the picturesque effect of

their encampment in the steppes, under the beautiful and lucid night sky. No thought of serious danger crossed our minds, and, indeed, it would have been quite absurd; but in any other country than Russia such an encounter would have been far from agreeable.

The next journey was to the Kalmucks. The Tartars are the subject of much entertaining matter. But toward Volga and Astrakhan, the authoress seems to have looked with the deepest emotion.

## VOLGA.

From a distance it looks like a nest of verdure resting on the waves, and waiting only a breath of wind to send it floating down the rapid course of the Volga; but, as you advance, the land unfolds before you, the trees form themselves into groups, and the prince's palace displays a portion of its white façade, and the open galleries of its turrets. Every object assumes a more decided and more picturesque form, and stands out in clear relief, from the cupola of the mysterious pagoda which you see towering above the trees, to the humble kibitka glittering in the magic tints of sunset. The landscape, as it presented itself successively to our eyes, with the unruffled mirror of the Volga for its framework, wore a calm, but strange and profoundly melancholy character. It was like nothing we had ever seen before; it was a new world which fancy might people as it pleased; one of those mysterious isles one dreams of at fifteen after reading the *Arabian Nights*; a thing, in short, such as crosses the traveller's path but once in all his wanderings, and which we enjoyed with all the zest of unexpected pleasure. But we were soon called back from all these charming phantoms of the imagination to the realities of life: we were arrived. Our boatman moored his little craft in a clump of thorn-broom; and whilst my husband proceeded to the palace with his interpreter, I remained in the boat divided between the pleasure I anticipated from the extraordinary things to be seen in a Kalmuck palace, and the involuntary apprehension awakened in me by all the incidents of this visit. The latter feeling did not last long. Not many minutes had elapsed after the departure of my companions when I saw them returning with a young man, who was presented to me as one of the princes Tumene. It was with equal elegance and good breeding he introduced me to the palace, where every step brought me some new surprise. I was quite unprepared for what I saw; and really, in passing through two salons which united the most finished display of European taste with the gorgeousness of Asia, on being suddenly accosted by a young lady who welcomed me in excellent French, I felt such a thrill of delight that I could only answer by embracing her heartily! In this manner an acquaintance is quickly made.

Much hospitality was shewn them, and

When we came out from the kibitka, the princess's brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *taboun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuck, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror; then plunging forward again in his mad gallop, he would dash through the taboun, and endeavour in every possible way to shake off his novel burden. But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuck, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foaming streams from the stallion's flanks,

and he trembled in every limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horsemen in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph; and in spite of the indomitable humour of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost always within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince, two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness, and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manoeuvre. The horse, for a moment stupefied, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown. But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds, indicated a most violent temper. I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who, like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arm, and threw him on the croup behind him. The Kalmucks, as the reader will perceive, are excellent horsemen, and are accustomed from their childhood to subdue the wildest horses. The exercise we had witnessed is one of their greatest amusements: it is even practised by the women, and we have frequently seen them vieing with each other in feats of equestrian daring.

Generally, the work is of the light, gossiping nature, eminently suited to the book-devouring character of an age in which quantity and freshness are deemed of more importance than the useful and the practical. But we must not do Mrs. DE HELL injustice. She discusses the commercial and statistical regulations of the countries through which she has passed as well as can be expected of a novice in the science of political economy. Her volume will be read by those who resort to book-clubs. To the shelves of such it will be found an accession.

## FICTION.

*Mauprat*. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by MATILDA M. HAYS. Part II. Churton.

IN our notice of the first part of *Mauprat*, a slight misprint, the accidental omission of two words, might have given rise to the idea that this was the first of these works of MADAME DUDEVANT, translated by MISS HAYS herself. To those, however, who are interested in the progress of this publication, it will have been already clear that MISS HAYS's pen has been the chief to contribute, and from the first, to the extension of these works. We are excluded, by the cheapness of this series, from the necessity of giving extracts; to all readers these writings are now attainable.

*Jeremiah Parkes: a Novel*. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIEL, Author of "The Poor Cousin." In 3 vols. London, 1847. Newby.

THIS is really a very readable novel. It is not remarkable for any brilliant features; it will not make a sensation in the world of fashion, nor fill with extracts the newspapers and literary journals. But it is in all respects up to the average of "the novels of the season," and may take its place with them upon the shelves of the circulating libraries, and in the lounge's list of books to be borrowed. Jeremiah Parkes, the hero, a sagacious old lawyer, looks very like a portrait; and Mr. Dormer, the victim of mad speculation, is intended to embody a character which has unfortunately of late been found only too frequent. Mrs. Dormer is a lady whose likeness is to be seen in every



drawing-room. Annie and Carrie are extremely *real* young ladies, their characters cleverly contrasted and developed. The style is flowing and unaffected, and the dialogues are lively and natural. The plot is sufficiently inartistic, but Mrs. DANIEL has contrived with much skill to invest it with an interest that never flags from the beginning to the end. It is one of the "new novels" which our numerous "librarian" readers may venture to order.

### POETRY.

*Gleams of Thought reflected from the Writings of Milton. Sonnets, and other Poems.* By LORD ROBERTSON. Fraser and Co. Edinburgh.

THE mind of a man of genius has a reflective power. In itself it is an unity, but its unity is like the sun, from which a multiplicity of rays are branching. This unity, or this "imagination all compact," as SHAKESPEARE calls it, is a completeness of purpose. The excellence of poetry is not so much what it has done, as what it hopes to do. That society is a sublime embodiment of progress is as clear a fact to our minds, as the evening star to our eyes is the forerunner of a thousand beautiful worlds. Poetry is a tributary agent, which strengthens and accelerates this progress. We cannot believe in such an anomaly in history as a positive stagnation of social and intellectual growth, and therefore we cannot imagine a period in which the minstrel's melody shall not be needed to awaken the common sensibilities of men. A strong conviction of the importance of poetry has induced LORD ROBERTSON to select some portions from the prose writings of MILTON, and make poetical in character, by versifying what was previously only poetical in thought. It may be questioned whether the plan is judicious. No doubt it is a proud attempt to select the sublime and the beautiful from the ponderous mass of MILTON's prose, and endeavour to make such sublimity and beauty familiar to men, by sending them forth in a new dress; but the attempt is difficult, and, it may be, unwise. We are sensible of the stern grandeur of MILTON's prose. It is what MACAULEY truly calls "stiff with gorgeous embroidery," and if the excellence of genius can be made more general by investing prose in the drapery and measure of poetry, MILTON's prose may well be selected for that purpose; because it is not now universally read, although it contains many universal truths. It would be well to quote again from MACAULEY: If a writer could, in MILTON's compositions, "separate the wheat from the tares, gather the flowers from among the weeds that choke them, and, seeking to establish no theory, to enter on no controversy, select passages most fitted to delight and instruct" the reader. "On this hint I spake," *Othello* said; and on this hint LORD ROBERTSON wrote. There is nothing objectionable in dogma or controversy in the book under notice, but we do not think Mr. MACAULEY anticipated that the best mode of benefiting mankind by popularising MILTON, was by turning the original prose into the circumscribed limits of metre. The writer who attempts this is likely to fail, from the dissimilarity of MILTON's prose and the character of what is acknowledged to be the best poetry of our time. Latin idioms not only crush or push aside the flexibility of Saxon utterance in MILTON, but his prose is deficient in the simplicity of nature. Modern poetry is less formal, less scholastic, and more in accordance with our nationality than MILTON's prose was when it was most national. Herein is the dilemma, and which LORD ROBERTSON must have found. In planning his work, LORD ROBERTSON might have thus debated with himself—"If I follow closely in the footsteps of my great master, my verses will be too heavy for modern taste. If I take the substance without a particle of its

corresponding costume, a number of readers will not recognise the familiar face of old JOHN MILTON." "That way madness lies," says LEAR; but both *this* way and *that* way were very uncertain paths to LORD ROBERTSON. We see LORD ROBERTSON reflecting JOHN MILTON,—and this reflection of mind by mind is a spiritual law—as we remarked at the commencement of our notice; but the *form* of that reflection in the book before us, is the form of a bygone age. We cannot but think that LORD ROBERTSON has kept closely to the original form, although he observes that he has "adapted the phraseology to our more fastidious tastes." Our faith is strong in the mission and influence of poetry, but it is not sufficiently strong to tell us that poetic rules applied to MILTON's prose—no matter by whom applied—is a certain means of finding readers for both. Considering that the end to be attained was superlatively difficult, LORD ROBERTSON has been comparatively successful.

Here is a sonnet which we doubt not would rejoice the "blind poet," could he hear how gracefully his prose has been remodelled by the plastic skill of the minstrel:—

#### TRUTH.

Think'st thou by notice, statute, standard, rule,  
By mark or licence, as in things of trade,  
Or cloth-yard notch'd in measurement precise,  
With truth to deal—meet out, monopolize,  
As if it were a common ware to vend  
For barter fit—and thus of knowledge fair,  
Make daily traffic with her precious stores?  
They are beyond all price, all mastery  
Of vulgar mart; hard to attain;—all chance  
Or change contemning, as the sunbeam bright,  
From outward touch, to soil impalpable.  
Then more than merchandise, than wealth much more,  
Seek thou these treasures inexhaustible;  
Buy without money, lavishly bestow  
With open hand—thy wealth shall still abound.

Our last extract shewed the mental excellence of MILTON, and this exhibits his corporeal misfortune.

Ten years have passed since o'er my aching eyes  
Darkness did lour;—my vision, weak and dull,  
Haunted with pain intense; strange rainbow-tints  
My lamp encircled with a meteor glow.  
Anon, o'er left and right, the film obscure  
A direful rule usurped,—day after day,  
As motionless I stood, aye to and fro  
All things revolved; while darkly and more dark,  
Fell pressure somnolent upon mine eyes,  
And as of Phineas, poet old, 'twas writ:  
A stupor deep my cloudy temples bound—  
To whirl I seemed as forth to walk I sped,  
Or sunk in feeble trance speechless I lay.  
While vision lingered, on my couch I turned,  
Watching on either side the flood of light  
Which gushed forth glowing from my closed lids,  
As if the ray to mock I might not catch.  
Sound as of crackling spark, death of my sight  
To me forlorn proclaimed—darkness intense—  
Illumination now for aye extinct;  
Or streak'd and mingled with an ashy brown.

We turn from LORD ROBERTSON as an appropriator of the thoughts of another to LORD ROBERTSON as an originator of thought. LORD ROBERTSON is a wearer of the official ermine: he is a judge at the Scottish Bar; and we cannot see any legal cause why an administrator of the law should not also be an administrator of poetry. It is true that poetry and law are not always twin; but poetry and justice are. Justice is a modification of poetry, as much as truth, charity, or love. It is generally believed that nothing is more unpoetical than the formalities and technicalities of law. The business of the law seems as unsuited to a poet as the sharp winds of December are unsuited to the delicate organisation of a butterfly. Law is national; poetry is universal. There were laws for the "Medes and Persians," and there are distinct laws for us, the modern English; but poetry is not the isolated property or right of a particular people.

SHAKESPEARE is our poet; but then he is everybody's poet. Lord ROBERTSON, as a judge, retails law for the security of an atom of society; Lord ROBERTSON, as a poet, utters the melody of song for all the dwellers in the universe. If the echoes of that melody never reach beyond the English Channel, even then the poet would be more comprehensive than the lawgiver, because, in connection with his study of mankind, the poet associates himself with *inanimate* nature,—with mountain, and valley, and cataract, and lake, and flower; whereas the lawgiver is more absolutely confined to the study of animate nature—a study which teaches him to speculate on the motives and to decide nicely on the actions of man, and woman, and child.

Lord ROBERTSON may not always have sufficient artistic ability to reproduce before a reader's mind, by language, what was before beautiful in substance; but his power consists principally in quiet and subdued description. We revel with KEATS in the blaze and gorgeousness of midday sunshine, but we walk soberly with Lord ROBERTSON through the more temperate loveliness of evening. Lord ROBERTSON has little glitter, and he has few of those sudden flashes of fancy—abrupt and startling—which rather denote the vivacity of youth than prove the excellence of the poet. There is, however, occasionally too much of the "pomp and circumstance" of a diction suited to our forefathers. We see the student when we only hoped to see the lyricist; but no critic will say that Lord ROBERTSON is deficient of those written qualifications which unerringly denote the presence of a poet.

Much as we dislike the sonnet, or rather the absolute rules which govern it, we must admit that Lord ROBERTSON has managed this difficult and unpleasing form of composition with unusual skill. We have some sonnets before us which may challenge comparison with WORDSWORTH'S or MILTON'S. They exhibit the author in the character of *himself*—his individuality—which is much more than we can say of the generality of modern authors. Modern authors in general have no identity; they are an amalgamation of all authors whatever. The following sonnet is finely written, and fully proves Lord ROBERTSON'S excellence in this walk of poetry.

## SHADOWS.

The shadow courseth down the mountain side,  
Or floateth calmly o'er the azure sea,  
Or in the valley resteth loweringly;  
In waves now floweth, ebbeth as a tide,  
And now the sun, or gentle moon, doth hide;  
The wandering stars bedimmeth in the chase,  
The thunder claspeth in that dark embrace,  
Where light hath fled—where shadow doth abide:—  
At morn o'er the horizon broodeth far,  
Clingeth at noon unto the cloudlet's car;  
Her dim domain at twilight does extend,  
The world is all her own till night have end:  
Gloomy, inconstant, faithless, and forlorn—  
Mist's murky sister—Chaos' eldest born.

Here is another specimen; in thought a perfect contrast to the last, but equally excellent.

## THE SWAN.

Yon stately swan asketh no light canoe,  
The water rippling gently round her breast,  
Nor to the reeds maketh for haven of rest.  
Within the lake, her image mirrored true,  
Alone she swims, and yet in semblance two;  
Brighter than snow-flake on the glowing height,  
Or new-blown thorn,—her wings of silvery white,  
Court'ing her glass, as other fair ones do:  
Thus gladness floateth on the summer stream,  
In the fond rapture of mysterious dream,  
Rays of the morning o'er the surface fly,  
In hopeful charm of calm futurity.  
Might thus thy path, thou bird of beauty, glow;  
Ah, that the sunshine ever might be so!

We select again from a light but graceful poem entitled

## NATURE'S MYTHOLOGY.

List to the songster in the brake,  
See the mirror in the lake;  
Rainbows, which the shepherd warn,  
Gleaming o'er the lonely tarn;  
Glittering dew-drop of the morn,  
Richest fruitage, blushing-born,  
Waving of the yellow corn,  
Drowsy beetle's sullen horn,  
Note of nightingale, forlorn;  
Waking with their quiet tune  
Distant woods of leafy June;  
By yon solitary star,  
In the dim horizon far,  
Ere the gentle moon hath shown  
Night's dominion all her own,  
And the glow-worm's pensive light  
Hath acknowledged her right.  
See o'er all the morning sun  
Bright career hath now begun,  
Or scatters forth his latest ray,  
At the parting of the day,  
O'er yon snow-clad mountain's crown  
Glancing all the slopes adown.

After this follows the confession of the poet. Nature is the universal mother of poetry:—

To the splendour of the day  
I attune my roundelay;  
Fittest far I find for me  
Are the gems of poesy,  
Gathered wildly as I roam,  
Ever free o'er Nature's home.  
Let them boast, then, as they may,  
Gods the heathen led astray:—  
Which is wiser,—I or they?  
Soothing spirit of the air,  
In thy beauty, come,—declare,  
Nature! in thy gentle breast,  
Give thy faithful vot'ry rest,  
Then with thee shall I be blest.

This love of Nature is the first element of a poet. The old druidical priests were not the least poetical among the sons of men. Whoever is attracted by a flower; whoever loves the silent stars; whoever is entranced by the ocean in sunshine or storm; whoever bows, as BYRON did, to a "dark eye in woman," has feelings nearest akin to the outspoken eloquence of the HOMERS, the GOETHEs, and the SHAKESPEARES of the world. In the *Remembrances of Rome*, in the *Etchings of the East*, and in the recollection of Scotland, "land of brae and steep," this attraction, this love and this entrancement are manifest. One thing, however, still remains to make Lord ROBERTSON as poetical in expression as he is poetical in feeling and thought, and that is the *simplicity* which nature, and not education, suggests. Turning MILTON'S prose into verse has not, we think, been beneficial to Lord ROBERTSON. The golden coinage of his most original parts has been struck by Miltonic dies. We are not among those who have a certain *respectable* standard for poetry; who believe it to be beneath the dignity of a lord, and above the position of a peasant, to be a worshipper at the foot of Parnassus. Such is the affectation, or the vulgarity of criticism! We are pleased to be able to number Lord ROBERTSON among the minstrels, not because the brotherhood of the poets can derive any honour from his nominal title, but because, among some heavy verses, he has left many invested with the drapery of beauty.

*Modern Life and other Poems.* London, 1847: Henry Baynes.

THIS is a handsome little volume, beautifully printed on fine paper, and altogether well got up. So far good; but as a book is not intended to be merely an ornament, it behoves us to look beyond its outward seeming, as its attractions ought to address themselves to the mind as well as to the eye. The beauty may, we think, confer an additional pleasure in the perusal of a well-written work,

but it can never bestow interest where none intrinsically exists. The best we can say for the literary merit of the poems now before us is, that we have seen *worse*, inasmuch as the merest commonplace is not so bad as irrational, ungrammatical nonsense. But the merit of a literary work ought not to be comparative, but positive. and to such merit we think the author of *Modern Life* has no title. The plot is inartificial, the characters without life, the versification without poetry, and the sentiment without novelty. The author may possibly be a sensible person in the common affairs of life; there is nothing in his work to teach us to suppose that he is not a good one; but he is not—never will be a poet. He has probably mistaken the capacity to feel an interest in the works of poets for the power to create poetry.

#### EDUCATION.

*Stories from Herodotus.* By CHARLES C. MOBERLY, M.A. Balliol College, Oxford. London: Burns.

HERODOTUS is one of the most pleasant story-tellers the world has produced, yet is he entirely unknown to the "young people" until they come to read him *as a task* in his own tongue, when they lose much of the interest of the tale in the trouble of the translation. A great deal of what he tells is true, especially when he speaks from his own observation; but when he writes from hearsay there is a charming trustfulness about him, a *gobe-moucherie*, which is a particularly amusing. The stories in this little volume are not translations, but a narration by a student of HERODOTUS of the strange things he has read there, and MR. MOBERLY, in a singularly attractive manner, has contrived to convey to juvenile readers the substance of some of the most interesting narratives which the old Greek bequeathed to the world to be a delight to every age.

#### RELIGION.

*The Sojourn of a Sceptic in a Land of Darkness and Uncertainty, &c. In the Similitude of a Dream, &c.* By PETER HUTELY WADDELL. Edinburgh: MacPhail.

AN allegory in imitation of the manner of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The attempt to adopt the homely but energetic style of the inspired blacksmith is more successful than might have been expected. But having a great dislike to imitations of all kinds, we feel that the author of this volume has thrown away much time and ability, which might have been more profitably expended upon an original design, of which we should, from the specimen here given, suppose him very capable.

*The Danger of an Uncertain Sound or Doctrinal Defection apprehended.* By the Rev. W. SOOLEY. Edinburgh, 1847. MacPhail.

THAT most unpleasing of all works, a theological controversy, wherein MR. SOOLEY of Selkirk falls foul of MR. PURVES of Jedburgh through near 300 closely-printed pages of declamation. We leave it to those who love it. We detest it.

#### JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America.* By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, F.R.S. &c. and the Rev. JOHN BACHMAN, D.D. &c. &c.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

MR. AUDUBON says that the sport of hunting the wild cat by night with dogs is a favourite one with the negroes of Carolina; aye, and he might have added, with the young "white folks," too, not alone of Carolina, but as

well of the whole South-west! The cat-hunt by night is seldom undertaken *per se*, but is usually the accident of an expedition, in search of other creatures, such as the racoon and opossum. And *such* an accident as it generally proves to be, is never forgotten by the participants! "When I go a-catting, I go a-catting"—may do for the meek disciples of IZAAK WALTON, but the warm-blooded followers of the "Hairy Hunters" of old, are not so easily circumscribed, and eagerly take whatever goods the gods may send them in the way of sport! Ah! do we not remember well those turbulent times—when having got somewhat up in our "teens," we began to "feel ourselves," and think of a truant independence in college recess? The "old folks," as we and sundry other "young gentleman sophomores" of the neighbourhood were disposed to believe unanimously, were entirely too close and particular; or, in a word, since our college experience, apron-strings were beginning to be manacles. A declaration of independence had become necessary,—not an open one, but a declaration of "*expediency*;" such an one as we could make without involving serious consequences. For instance, *item*, our right to creep out of our windows, when the "sleepless Gryphons" were a-bed—for once "caught napping"—to keep "tryst" with our "peers" in view of a descent upon some old snarler's water-melon patch which lay odd miles away. *Item*, our right by the same mode of exit, or other strategy, at a given hour of the night, to meet at the said given place, with the intention of enjoying the moon in a "coon," or "possum" hunt with the "darkies" and their dogs, down at the "quarter," &c. As the time had come when we felt it necessary to make such doughty demonstrations, our measures were of course taken with due and necessary forecast. Old Sambo, down at the quarter, the dingy Nimrod of darkness and the "darkies," was first to be propitiated. He is somewhat coy at first, for his grizzly poll has been penetrated with a veneration most profound for the dictum of the constituted authorities at the "Big House!" Sundry presents of "baccar," pipes, and odd shillings, assisted by a most condescending and confidential manner on our part, gradually bring him around to a reciprocation. In vague hints, and through telegraphic nods and gestures of most profound signification, the time, place, probable force, and accompaniments of his next great turn-out from the quarter, for a "'coon" hunt, are all imparted to the "young massa." We of course instantly convey the momentous news through somewhat less mysterious mediums to sundry young companions living near at hand, who are eagerly awaiting it. The important night has arrived. The "old folks" have barely time to commence their first snooze, having taken it for granted that we are where dutiful and obedient sons should be at such an hour—in the land of Nod; when, by sundry silent exhibitions of our skill at escalading, we have made our escape from the sacred precincts of authority, and are off to Sambo's quarter, footing it with a fluttering heart beneath the uncertain starlight. Now, as we had been prohibited from joining in "night-hunts," first on the ground that they injured our health, and secondly on the ground that they were dangerous, and third and lastly, on the ground that it was highly undignified that young gentlemen "to the manor born," and just from college, too, should go out hunting with "the servants;" we, of course, with the heavy portent of all these formidable indictments hanging over us, felt that discovery would be attended with just the requisite amount of danger to give piquancy to the commencement of an enterprise. If our pulse was quickened, our heels were not less so by such considerations. We were sinning on the strength of our instincts, and we knew it! We

\* On the plantations there are usually several villages or settlements of the negroes, which are called "quarters."



pause at the several cross paths on the way, to wait for the other young recusants who were to join us. One after another they come in, each usually attended by a favourite servant not far from his own age, who has been admitted to his confidence. Joyously enough we begin to gabble as the distance between us and the awful shadows of the "Big House" is increased. Soon the

— Long levelled rule of streaming light,

for a sight of which the bewitched lady in Comus prayed, "visits" us, and as we approach, the *one* ruddy "level" divides itself into many a narrow fitful stream from the open doors and glowing hearths of the "quarter!" The crossing of shadows to and fro shews that all there is alert. We hear the subdued too-oot of a horn, and the low opening howl of the gathering dogs in answer. We begin to grow silent, and move faster. The horn is sounded more boldly, and the howls accompany it in a gathering cadence. Now the scene has burst upon us through an opening of the trees! There they are! Negroes of all degrees, size, and age, and of dogs—

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound, or spaniel, brack, or lynx,  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle tail.

All are there, in one conglomerate of active, noisy confusion. When indications of the hurried approach of our company are perceived, a great accession to the hubbub is consequential. Old Sambo sounds a shriller note upon his horn, the dogs rise from independent howls to a simultaneous yell, and along with all the young half-naked darkies rush to meet us. The women come to the doors with their blazing lamps lifted above their heads, that they may get a look at the "young masters," and we, shouting with excitement, and blinded by the light, plunge, stumbling through the meeting current of dogs and young negroes, into the midst of the gathering party. Here we are suddenly arrested by a sort of awe, as we find ourselves in the presence of old Sambo. The young dogs leap upon us with their dirty fore-paws, but we merely push aside their caresses, for old Sambo and his old dog Bose are the two centres of our admiration and interest. Old Sambo is the "mighty hunter before"—*the moon!* of all that region. He is seamed and scarred with the "battering siege" of sixty winters! Upon all matters appertaining to such hunts his word is "*law*," while the "tongue" of his favourite and ancient friend Bose is recognised as "*gospel*." In our young imaginations, the two are respectfully identified. Old Sambo, with his blanket "roundabout"—his cow's-horn trumpet slung about his shoulders by a tow string—his bare head, with its greyish fleece of wool—the broad grin of complacency, shewing his yet sound white teeth—and rolling the whites of his eyes benignantly over the turmoil of the scene—was to us the higher prototype of Bose. He, with the proper slowness of dignity, accepts the greet of our patting caresses, with a formal wagging of the tail, which seems to say—"O, I am used to this!" while, when the young dogs leap upon him with obstreperous fawnings, he will correct them into propriety with stately snarling. They knew him for their leader!—they should be more respectful! Now old Sambo becomes patronizing to us, as is necessary and proper in our new relations! From his official position of commander-in-chief, he soon reduces the chaos around us into something like subjection, and then in a little time comes forth the form of our night's march. A few stout young men who have obeyed his summons have gathered around him from the different huts of the quarter—some with axes, and others with torches of pine and bark. The dogs become more restless, and we more excited, as these indices of immediate action appear. Now, with a long blast of the cow's-horn of Sambo, and a deafening clamor of all sizes high and low—from men, women,

children, dogs and all, we take up the line of march for the woods. Sambo leads, of course. We are soon trailing after him in single file, led by the glimmer of the torches far ahead. Now the open ground of the plantation has been passed, and as we approach the deep gloom of the bordering forest—

Those perplexed woods,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger—

even the yelpings of the excited dogs cease to be heard, and they dash on into the darkness as if they were going to work; while we, with our joyous chatterings subsided into silence, enter these "long-drawn aisles" with a shiver of awe—the torches shewing, as we pass, in a dim light, the trees—their huge trunks vaulting over head into the night, with here and there a star shining like a gem set into their tall branching capitals; while on either side we look into depths of blackness as unutterably drear to us as thoughts of death and nothingness. Oh! it was in half-trembling wonder, then, we crowded, trampling on the heels of those before; and when, after awhile the rude young negroes would begin to laugh aloud, we felt that in some sort it was profane. But such impressions never lasted long in those days. Every other mood and thought gives way to the novelty and contagious excitement of adventure. We are soon using our lungs as merrily as the rest. The older dogs seemed to know perfectly, from the direction taken, what was the game to be pursued for the night. Had we gone up by the old field, where the "persimmon trees grow, they would have understood that "Possums" were to be had; but as old Sambo led off through the deep woods toward the swamps, it said "'coons" to them as plain as if they had been Whigs of 1840. The flush of blood begins to subside as we penetrate deeper into the wood, and as we hear old Sambo shout to his staff-officers and immediate rear-guard, "Hush dat 'ar jawing, you niggers, dar!" we take it for granted that it is a hint, meant not to be disrespected by us, that silence is necessary, lest we should startle the game too soon, and confuse the dogs. All is silence now, except the rustle of our tramp over the dried autumn leaves, and occasional patter of the feet of a dog who ranges near to our path. Occasionally a white dog comes suddenly out of the darkness into view, and disappears as soon, leaving our imagination startled as if some curious sprite had come "momentarily" from out its silent haunts to peep at us. Then we will hear the rustling of some rapid thing behind us, and looking round, see nothing, then springing aside with a nervous bound and fluttering pulse, as some black object brushes by our legs. "Nothin' but dat dog, Nigger Trim-bush," chuckles a darkie, who observed us; but the couplet—

And the kelpie must flit from the black bog pit,  
And the browne must not tarry,

flashes across our memory from the romance of superstition, with the half shudder that is the accompaniment of such dreamy images. Hark! a dog opens—another. then another! We are still in a moment, listening—all eyes are turned upon old Sambo, the oracle. He only pauses for a minute. "Dem's de pups—ole dogs aint dar!" A pause. "Pshaw, nothing but a olehar!"—and a long, loud blast of the horn sounds the recall. We move on—and now the frosty night-air has become chilly, and we begin to feel that we have something to do before us. Our legs are plied too lustily on the go-ahead principle for us to have time to talk. The young dogs have ceased to give tongue; for like unruly children they had dashed off in chase of what came first, and as the American hare (*Lepus Americanus*) is found nearly everywhere, it was the earliest object. Just when the darkness is most deep, and the sounds about our way most hushed, up wheels the silver moon, and with a mellowed glory overcomes the night. The weight of

darkness has been lifted from us, and we trudge along more cheerily! The dogs are making wider ranges, and we hear nothing of them. The silence weighs upon us, and old Sambo gives an occasional whoop of encouragement. We would like, too, to relieve our lungs; but he says, "nobody must holler now but dem dat ole dog knows; make 'em bother!" We must perforce be quiet; for "de dog" means Bose, and we must be deferential to his humours. Tramp, tramp, tramp, it has been for miles, and not a note from the dogs. We are beginning to be fatigued; our spirits sink, and we have visions of the warm room and bed we have deserted at home. The torches are burning down, and the cold, pale moonlight is stronger than that they give. One after another the young dogs come panting back to us, and fall lazily into our wake. "Hang 'coon hunts in general!—this is no joke; all cry and no wool!" Hark! a deep-mouthed, distant bay! The sound is electrical; our impatience and fatigue are gone! All ears and eyes, we crowd around old Sambo. The oracle attundinizes. He leans forward with one ear turned towards the earth in the direction of the sound. Breathlessly we gaze upon him. Hark! another bay; another; then several join in. The old man has been unconsciously soliloquizing from the first sound. "Golly, dat's nigger Trim!" in an under tone; "he know de 'coon!" Next sound. "Dat's a pup; shaw!" Pause. "Dat's a pup agin! Oh, niggers, no 'coon dar!" Lifting his outspread hand which he brings down with a loud slap upon his thigh; "Yah! yah! dat's ole music; look out, niggers!" Then, as a hoarse, low bay comes booming to us through a pause, he bounds into the air with the caperish agility of a colt, and breaks out in ecstasy, "Whoop! whoop! dat's he ole dog; go my Bose!" Then striking hurriedly through the brush in the direction of the sounds, we only hear from him again, "Yah! yah! yah! dat's a 'coon, niggers! Bose, dar!" And away we rush as fast as we can scramble through the underbrush of the thick wood. The loud burst of the whole pack opening together, drowns even the noise of our progress. The cry of a full pack is maddening music to the hunter. Fatigue is forgotten, and obstacles are nothing. On we go, yelling in chorus with the dogs. Our direction is towards the swamp, and they are fast hurrying to its fastnesses. But what do we care? Briars and logs, the brush of dead trees, plunges half-leg deep into the watery mire of boggy places, are alike disregarded. The game is up! Hurrah! hurrah! we must be in at the death! So we scurry, led by the maddening chorus—

—while the babbling echo mocks the hounds.

Suddenly the reverberations die away. Old Sambo halts. When we get into ear-shot the only word we hear is, "Treed!" This from the oracle is sufficient. We have another long scramble, in which we are led by the monotonous baying of a single dog. We have reached the place at last, all breathless. Our torches have been nearly extinguished. One of the young dogs is seated at the foot of a tree, and, looking up, it bays incessantly. Old Sambo pauses for a while to survey the scene. The old dogs are circling round and round, jumping up against the side of every tree, smelling as high as they can reach. They are not satisfied, and Sambo waits for his tried oracles to solve the mystery. He regards them steadily and patiently for a while; then steps forward quickly, and beats off the young dog who had "lied" at the "tree." The veterans now have a quiet field to themselves, and after some further delay in jumping up the sides of the surrounding trees, to find the scent, they finally open in full burst upon the trail. Old Sambo exclaims curtly, as we set off in the new chase, "Dat looks like 'coon! but cats is about!" Now the whole pack opens again, and we are off after it. We all understand the allusion to the cats—for we know that, like the racoon, this animal endeavours to baffle

the dogs by running some distance up a tree, and then springing off upon another, and so on until it can safely descend. The young dogs take it for granted that he is in the first tree, while the older ones sweep circling round and round until they are convinced that the animal has not escaped. They thus baffle the common trick which they have learned through long experience, and, recovering the trail of escape, renew the chase. Under ordinary circumstances we would already have been sufficiently exhausted; but the magnetism of the scene lifts our feet as if they had been shod with wings. Another weary scramble over every provoking obstacle, and the solitary baying of a dog is heard again winding up the "cry." When we reach the "tree" this time, and find it is another "feint," we are entirely disheartened; and all this excitement and fatigue of the night reacting upon us, leaves us utterly exhausted, and disinclined to budge one foot further. Old Sambo comes up—he has watched, with an astute phiz, the movements of the dogs for some time. "Thought dat ware a ole 'coon from the fust! Dat's a mighty ole coon!" with a dubious shake of his head. "Ole 'coon nebber run dat long!" Another shake of the head, and addressing himself to his "staff," "Ole 'coon nebber run'd dis fur, niggers!" Then turning to us—"Massas, dat a cat!—taint no 'coon!" The dogs break out again, at the same moment, and with peculiar fierceness, in full cry. "Come 'long, niggers!—mayby dat's a 'coon—mayby 'taint!" and off he starts again. We are electrified by the scenes and sounds once more, and "follow, still follow," forgetting every thing in the renewed hubbub and excitement. Warily now we go again over marsh and quagmire, bog and pond, rushing through vines and thickets and dead limbs. Ah, what glimpses have we of our cosy home during this wild chase! Now our strength is gone—we are chilled, and our teeth chatter—the moon seems to be the centre of cold as the sun is of heat, and its beams strike us like arrows of ice. Yet the cry of the dogs is onward, and old Sambo and his staff yell on! Suddenly there is a pause; the dogs are silent, and we hold up! "Is it all lost!" we exclaim as we stagger, with our bruised and exhausted limbs, to a seat upon an old log. The stillness is as deep as midnight—the owl strikes the watch with his too-whoop! Hah! that same hoarse, deep bay which first electrified us comes booming again through the stillness. "Yah! yah! dat ole 'coon am done for! Bose got he, niggers—Gemmen, come on!" The inspiring announcement, that Bose had treed at last, is balm to all our wounds, and we follow in the hurry-scurry rush to the tree. Arrived there, we find old Bose on end barking up a great old oak, while the other dogs lie panting around. "Dare he am," says old Sambo. "Make a fire, niggers!" There is but a single stump of a torch left; but in a little while they have collected dried wood enough to kindle a great blaze. "Which nigger's gwine to climb dat tree?" says old Sambo, looking round inquiringly. Nobody answers. The insinuations he had thrown out, that it might be a cat, have had their effect upon the younger darkies. Sambo waits, in dignified silence, for an answer, and throwing off his horn with an indignant gesture, he says, "You d—n pack of chicken-gizzards niggers!—climb de tree myself!"—and straightway the wiry old man, with the activity of a boy, springs against the huge trunk, and commences to ascend the tree. Bose gives an occasional low yelp as he looks after his master. The other dogs sit with upturned noses, and on restless haunches, as they watch his ascent. Nothing is heard, for some time, but the fall of dead branches and bark which he throws down. The fire blazes high, and the darkness about us, beyond its light, is unpenetrated, even by the moon. We stand in eager groups watching his ascent. He is soon lost to

our view amongst the limbs; yet we watch on until our necks ache, while the eager dogs fidget on their haunches, and emit short yelps of impatience. We see him, against the moon, far up amongst the uppermost forks, creeping like a beetle, up, still up! We are all on fire—the whole fatigue and all the bruises of the chase forgotten! our fire crackles and blazes fiercely as our impatience, and sends quick tongues of light, piercing the black throng of forest sentinels about us. Suddenly the topmost boughs of the great oak begin to shake, and seem to be lashing the face of the moon. "De cat! de cat! look out down dar!" The dogs burst into an eager howl! He is shaking him off! A dark object comes thumping down into our midst, and shakes the ground with its fall. The eager dogs rush upon it! but we saw the spotted thing with the electric flashing of its eyes. Yells and sputtering screams—the howls of pain—the gnashing growls of assault—the dark, tumbling struggle that is rolled, with its fierce clamours, out from our fire-light into the dark shadows of the wood, are all enough to madden us. We all rush after the fray, and strike wildly into its midst with the clubs and dead limbs we have snatched, when one of the body-guards happens to think of his axe, and with a single blow settles it!

All is over! We get home as we may, and about the time

— the dapple grey coursers of the morn  
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,  
And chase it through the sky.

We creep cautiously in our back window, and sleep not the less profoundly for our fatigue, that we have to charge our late hour of rising, next day, upon BACON or the Iliad, instead of the "Night Hunt."

**RARE BIRDS.**—Three specimens of the Canada goose (two males and a female) were shot by a policeman, on the Harrogate-common, last Thursday morning. There were ten of these rare birds together, and, from fatigue, caused by the great heat or long flight, Mr. Young was fortunate enough to get within shot of them before they rose, and still more fortunate in killing three at two shots after they had taken wing. The smaller male bird weighed nearly twelve pounds, and measured from tip to tip seventy inches; girth, twenty-eight inches; and length, thirty-eight inches. The beak, head, and nearly all the neck, is black; throat white, and ending in a point behind the coverts. This white patch, from its colour and similarity in position to a neck-cloth, has given these birds the name also of the "cravat goose;" the back and wings are brown, and the breast a paler brown; the legs and feet are nearly black. In 1814, some of these geese were killed at Hartlepool, during a very severe snow and frost. The birds shot by Mr. Young are the first wild birds of this species we have ever heard of as being killed in this neighbourhood.—*Harrogate Advertiser.*

## ART.

**THE APPROACHING EXHIBITION.**—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, with a view to the encouragement and excellence of the ensuing exhibition, and to render every assistance and privilege with respect to the importation and delivery of paintings executed by British artists abroad, without their sustaining any damage, have authorised the revenue authorities to give directions for the admission, duty free, of the pictures intended for the approaching exhibition at Westminster Hall, which have been executed by British artists as before stated, and are expected to arrive at the port of London, or are now in course of arrival from the Continent; and, further, requesting them to give permission for the cases containing the pictures in question to be landed without any examination of them taking place at the time on the quay or place of unshipment, and in lieu thereof to be first opened at Westminster Hall, or at the residences of the respective artists or their agents, and for the necessary examination to take place there in the presence of the officers of the revenue. Several of the paintings have already arrived, which are, in some instances, of very large dimensions.

**THE WELLINGTON STATUE.**—It is now finally determined to remove the statue from the arch; and as a soothing compliment to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Morpeth stated in the

House of Commons, that her Majesty had signified her pleasure, when the House should be pleased to vote the sum necessary for the completion of the arch, that any decorations which might still have to be added should be illustrative of the achievements of the Duke, and should be such as might serve to mark the sense which the country entertained of his exploits and his deserts. The statue will probably be placed in the Regent's Park, on a fitting pedestal, designed by the artist, where it may be viewed as a proper height and in a proper light.

**SALE OF MR. COLLINS'S DRAWINGS.**—Some of the drawings sold well, others at very low prices. The highest price was obtained for a work in Oil (783), "The Patriarch," 73l. 10s.; and the next highest, for a finished half-length, in oils (784), "Antonio," from the Merchant of Venice, 63l. The estimated produce of the sale was 2,000l. but the amount realized was somewhat under the estimate.

**THE SCULPTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—The *Literary Gazette* states confidently, that ere long a better place will be provided for the exhibition of sculptures at the Royal Academy than the dark cellar which has so long been the only receptacle provided for those works of art in Trafalgar-square.

**SCULPTURE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—Several cases of Assyrian sculpture, intended for deposit in the British Museum, have arrived in the vessel *Grecian*, from Bombay, and have been landed from the importing ship, and delivered, by the special directions of the Treasury, free of duty.

**SALE OF MR. TARRAL'S PICTURES.**—Mr. Tarral's pictures were sold on Friday—the "Giorgione," for 1,543l.; the "Ruydael," for 483l.; the "Jan Steen," for 236l.; and the "Backhuysen," for 247l.

## MUSIC.

*Bold Robin Hood: a Song.*  
*The Wind: a Song.*

THESE are two compositions by Mr. NELSON, whose powers of melody have come forth on the occasion refreshed by too long a repose. The first will prove a welcome addition to the stores of those who like to sing without accompaniment,—Mr. NELSON being neither so proud of his technical knowledge, nor so presumptuous as to discard continuous melody. In this case the air is bold and manly, and sufficiently marked to catch the ear; while the accompaniment is conceived in the style which may best be described as English, reminding us of the treatment of PURCELL and ANN, without recalling their conventions. The second air has a more varied character, and is less dependent upon the accompaniment for its effect: it is pleasing and teachable, both as regards the music and the words. We would implore the author of the latter to distinguish in future between the verbs *to lie* and *to lay*.

**CONCERT ROOM, HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—One of the chief musical attractions of the season offered itself on Friday, the 11th instant, when Madame DULCKEN gave her annual concert. As usual, every artist not prevented by managerial despotism hastened to render assistance on the occasion, to one no less esteemed in the ranks of the Profession, than beloved in private, and esteemed in public. It would be impossible to go through in detail the long and *recherché* programme which this admirable artist concocted for her patrons. It is enough to say that all were of the first order, reinforced by the timely arrival of M. ROGER, the reigning *tenor* of the opera comique, whose vivacity and tenderness alike captivated the fairer portion of the audience. Madame DULCKEN presents a remarkable contrast to most pianoforte players in the moderation which she exhibits: she played but three times, and of those only once alone. The room was crowded in every part with the most fashionable company; the concert presenting in this respect a marked contrast to those in which an *entrepreneur* has to choose between an empty room and an unlimited issue of gratuitous tickets.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—The reign of Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY over the Lyceum Theatre—which for some three or four years past has been second to none of its competitors in attraction, or, we believe, in prosperity—came to a final termination on Friday evening. The pieces played were the old-established favourites—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Jenny Lind*, and *The Bottle Imp*. Mrs. KEELEY, in the following address, bade her adieu—we trust only a temporary one—in the character of Manageress:—



"To-night, dear friends, no lightly-worded string  
Of jests and puns to raise your laugh I bring;  
No promises of novelty in store  
To please you, can I make, as heretofore.  
I come but now to thank you for the past;  
Since here we meet for the last time—the last.  
Yet, as the soldier tired of war's alarms,  
Loves to recount his bygone deeds of arms,  
Fain would I name before we part for good  
A few old friends who firmly by us stood.  
Since first *Young Bailey* came—the wilful scamp,  
With that good woman, "which her name was *Gamp*."  
Then, listening to *The Chimes*, no wrongs could turn  
The love of *Meggy Veck* from *Lillian Fern*.  
Next, in the *Cricknet on the Hearth*'s shrill sound  
Poor *Dot*—"That's me again, John"—comfort found.  
And lastly, in *Life's Battle* sorely tried,  
*Clemency Newcome* rubbed her arms and cried.

Turn we from the great writer of the age  
To other gayer friends who trod this stage,  
First of the tribe *Burlesque* upon our roll,  
*Forty fair Thieves* your early favour stole.  
Then young *Aladdin* brought before our lights  
More gorgeous stores from the Arabian Nights.  
Next bold *Sir Valentine* obtained our praise,  
And savage *Orson* danced his *travandaise*.  
Then, turn'd again by *Bow bell*'s nursery air,  
Little *Dick Whittington* became Lord Mayor;  
And from the kitchen, where she long had pined,  
Poor *Cinderella* felt your welcome kind.  
What wondrous objects followed in their course;  
*Prince Firouz Shah* and his *Enchanted Horse*;  
Bold *Robin Hood*, and dashing *Little John*,  
The *Magic Horn*, and cup of *Oberon*;  
The *Enchanted Forest*, and its strange live stock,  
Till the *Wood Demon* cried, "Past one o'clock!"

It has been urged by critics most profound,  
Our efforts might have taken higher ground;  
That we threw o'er the grand for the grotesque,  
And gave our chief attention to *Burlesque*.  
But if the topics of the day were hit  
By pointed epigram or harmless wit;  
Or *Care*'s dull gloomy visage was beguiled  
Into a lighter train of thought and smiled—  
If you but felt, whilst laughing at our fun,  
The sands of common life more brightly run,  
Surely you will not "such small deer" abuse  
For answering one grand object to amuse.

And, now, the saddest task is left. To all,  
Who thus to-night responded to our call,  
With more deep feeling than mere words can tell,  
Let me but speak that cruel one—Farewell!  
One hope alone can rob it of its pain—  
That—at some period—we may meet again!"

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Monday a lively little comedy was brought out at this theatre under the title of *Ladies Beaware*. It is, we believe, borrowed from the French, and the story illustrates the proverb of the trodden worm, being intended to shew to married ladies given to domestic tyranny, how they may chance to go too far and rouse resistance where they had before found only submission. The plot is thus narrated by one of the morning papers:—"Colonel Vavasour pays a wedding visit to his nephew, Sir Charles Vavasour, and finds this newly-married man, not domiciled with his wife at the manor-house, but, at the end of a month's solitude, in the park lodge. At the first attempt of her husband to have his own way, Lady Vavasour, who enjoys the advantage of having her mother resident with her, had flung herself out of the window on to a hay-cart beneath, and has banished her husband from her presence for having driven her to such extremities. The Colonel finds that negotiations for a renewal of amity have been going on between the exile in the lodge and the potentates, or rather the potentate, at the manor-house, for it is the wife's mother who counsel's her to be self-willed, imperious, and exacting. He is also present at the delivery, by one *Grace Peabody*, a humble friend of the lady, of an ultimatum, dictated by the mother-in-law, which offers favour on very abject terms, and he determines that his nephew shall propose an ultimatum loftier in tone, which shall be accepted, as the price of his forgiveness. Sir Charles has a very edifying hatred of his mother-in-law, but then he loves his wife; and though he is induced to dance at the anniversary of *Grace Peabody*'s wedding, and to kiss all the pretty girls, of course only to pique his wife, still he cannot bring himself to forward the Colonel's ultimatum to her. By accident, however, he hears her confess that when she threw herself out of the window she knew that the hay-cart full of hay was beneath, and then he is ready to do anything. The Colonel obtains leave to

present the marital ultimatum, which the mother receives in the presence of her daughter, and finds to be an intimation that the husband will take his wife to his arms if she will return to them by the same road as that by which she left them, that is, by the window. This proposition affects the two ladies very differently; the wife's mother retires to put matters in a train for separation, but the wife remains to concert with *Grace* the means of getting in at the window. A very amusing scene then follows. *Grace* gets a ladder; *Lady Vavasour* ascends it to the balcony in front of her husband's window; and the Colonel and Sir Charles look on while she pleads for admittance. After she has been left outside the window too long, according to the husband's reckoning, but too short a time according to that of the Colonel, who despatches *Grace* to tell the mother-in-law that Sir Charles has a lady concealed in the lodge, the window is opened, and she admitted. Meantime, the notion of this "evidence for a divorce" has brought the wife's mother down to the lodge at once; she finds the young persons reconciled; and after some sage remarks touching the course of domestic wars, the curtain drops." It is performed with great spirit, especially by Miss COOPER, whose *Lady Vavasour* is quite a hit, and Mr. GRANBY, as *Colonel Vavasour*, is entitled to great praise for his admirable personation of a character which it was difficult to portray without falling into conventionalities. These he successfully avoided.

FRENCH PLAYS.—BOUFFE has re-appeared on these boards, after an interval of three years. The pieces in which he made his *début* were *Michel Perrin* and *Les Vieux Pêcheurs*. In the first he personifies a benevolent *Curé*, all simplicity and kindness; in the other, a retired opera dancer, all affectation and pomposity, the very opposite in every respect of the *Curé*. The contrast admirably exhibited the great powers of the actor, for both were perfect performances. The peculiarity of the French stage, as all its visitors must have observed, is the careful attention to details. Every part is a finished character; the performers study every portion of dress, every attitude and expression, and in this lies the charm which all feel, but find a difficulty in tracing the sources of their satisfaction. The exhibition of so much care cannot but have its effect upon the studies of our English actors, and make them more attentive to *finish* than they are wont to be.

BUNN v. MDLLE. JENNY LIND.—It is not true that this action has been arranged. On the contrary, every possible obstacle has been thrown in the way of bringing the action pending for damages to issue. On Saturday an application was made for leave to take out a commission to examine Meyerbeer and Lord Westmoreland at Berlin, the former of whom drew up Jenny Lind's contract with Mr. Bunn, and the latter of whom witnessed the signature. Mr. Bunn has laid his damages at 10,000l.

## JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—EDUCATION.

STATE OF LARGE TOWNS.—The inquiries of the commission have been directed into the sanitary state of fifty of the largest towns of the realm, where the mortality is the greatest, including the great seats of manufactures, and the three greatest ports after London. These towns and districts comprise a population of upwards of 3,000,000 persons. Commissioners have visited and examined those places closely. What is the result of these inquiries, as regards drainage, cleansing, and ventilation, as they bear on the state of the poor and labouring classes? It is, as stated in their Report, as follows:—Drainage—scarcely good, 1; indifferent, 7; bad, 42. Cleansing—nearly the same. Supply of water—good, 4; indifferent, 7; bad, 39.—*Mr. Slaney's Speech at Exeter Hall, Dec. 11, 1844.*

COST OF SEWERS IN THE METROPOLIS.—Considering the work done within the last ten years, for which we have exact information, it appears that the increase has been—

In the City of London above .....	13 miles.
In Westminster .....	40
In Holborn and Finsbury .....	21
In Tower Hamlets .....	13
In Surrey and Kent .....	11

Making upwards of ..... 118

built in ten years. Now the difference in expense, as has already been stated, between the construction of upright-sided sewers with man-holes, and egg-shaped or arched sewers with flushing apparatus, would be about 1,800l. per mile, or for 118 miles would be nearly a quarter of a million.—*Evidence of Mr. Butler Williams before the Health of Towns Commission.*

## NECROLOGY.

## HON. AND REV. W. HERBERT.

Our columns must not omit to record the death of the Hon. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester—a gentleman, scholar, philanthropist, and naturalist—in the sixty-ninth year of his age. The path of those years, from 1795, when Mr. Herbert was little more than seventeen, has been strewn with a great variety of poetical flowers,—none of them very eminent for scent or hue, but all exhibiting the possession of a refined feeling and a cultivated taste. They include versions from the German and Portuguese, with original compositions in the Danish, Italian, and Spanish; and the “Miscellaneous Poetry,” which was published in two volumes in 1804, was distinguished, says a writer in the *Gardeners’ Chronicle*, from similar effusions by containing the first elaborate and truly critical illustrations of the ancient Scandinavian literature that had appeared in England,—the attempts of one or two precursors in that line have been merely popular and trivial. Mr. Herbert’s principal attempt in poetry, however, was the heroic poem of “Attila, King of the Huns,” in twelve books; which, accompanied by an Historical Treatise, appeared in 1838,—and was then reviewed in the *Athenæum* (No. 535). To the literature of Botany and Horticulture Mr. Herbert was a considerable contributor. “His greatest work,” says the writer in the *Gardeners’ Chronicle*, “in this line, ‘The Amaryllidaceæ,’ accompanied with a treatise on hybrid intermixtures, was published in the year 1837. And such leisure as remained to him, in the succeeding years of connexion with a great manufacturing city, and of declining strength, was employed on the ‘Iradaceæ.’ In this work—which, had longer time or better health been granted to him, would have been as complete as the former—a progress has been made which may probably be thought sufficient to render its publication acceptable to the naturalists of this and other countries.”—*Athenæum*.

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*Mind and Matter, illustrated by Considerations on Hereditary Insanity and the Influence of Temperament in the Development of the Passions.* By J. G. MILLINGEN, M. D., M. A., Author of “Curiosities of Medical Experience,” &c. London, 1847: Hurst.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE condition of the external senses has an important effect upon mental health. To them, probably, are owing the peculiar affection which we call “Antipathy,” and of which many curious cases are collected by Dr. MILLINGEN.

## INSTANCES OF ANTIPATHY.

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtain gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, of forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon-ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakespeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d’Epernon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III. of France, at that of a cat; and Marshal d’Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known.

There are other affections no less remarkable, called Attractions and Repulsions. The nervous sympathies are often wonderfully developed, as all know who have witnessed the phenomena of Mesmerism. Here are some cases:—

In the hospital of the blind in Paris, called *Les Quinze Vingts*, there was a pensioner, who by the touch of a woman’s hands and nails, and their odour, could infallibly assert if she were a virgin; several tricks were played upon him, and wedding rings put on the fingers of young girls, but he never was at fault. The author knew a young man, born blind, who, on feeling a lady’s hand and hearing her speak, could invariably pronounce whether she was handsome or not; and he very rarely was mistaken.

## Equally wonderful are

## THE EFFECTS OF ENTHUSIASM.

The effects of enthusiasm were strongly illustrated in what was called the work of miracles, in Paris, in 1724, where, strange to say, this aberration continued for upwards of twelve years. A priest, of the name of Paris, having died in odour of sanctity, at least, according to the decision of the Jansenists, whom he had aided in opposing the famous bull *Unigenitus*, the Appellants, for such was called the sect, appealed to the remains of their beatified leader to operate miracles in their common cause. These Appellants were absurdly persecuted, therefore miracles became manifestations easily obtained. Having succeeded in finding credulous dupes, the next step was to work their credulity into a beneficial state of enthusiasm. They therefore summoned all the sick, lame, and halt, of their sectarians, to repair to the tomb of St. Paris, for relief. Crowds were soon collected round the blessed sepulchre. The first patients were, in general, females. They were stretched upon the ground, and the stoutest men that could be found were directed to trample with all their might and main upon the patient’s body, kicking the chest and stomach, and endeavouring to tread down the very ribs with their heels. So violent were their exertions, that a hunch-backed girl was stated to have been kicked and trampled into a goodly shape. The next probation was called the plank, and consisted in laying a deal board upon the patient while extended on the back, and then getting as many athletic men as could stand upon it to press the body down; and in this endeavour they seldom shewed sufficient energy to satisfy the supposed sufferer, who was constantly calling for more pressure. Next came the holy trial of the pebble, a diminutive name they gave to a paving-stone weighing five-and-twenty pounds, which was discharged by a priest upon the patient’s stomach and bosom, from as great a height as he well could raise such a weight. This terrific blow, report states, was sometimes inflicted a hundred times, and with such violence that the furniture, &c. in the room vibrated with the concussion. Carré de Montgérans affirms, that sometimes the pebble (*le caillou*) was not found sufficiently powerful, and the operator resorted to an iron fire-dog (*un chenet*), weighing about thirty pounds. This instrument having, by way of trial, being hurled against a wall, brought part of it down at the twenty-fifth blow. The convulsionist on one of these occasions exclaimed, “Oh how delicious! Oh what good it does me! Oh, dear brother, hit away—again—again!”—for the operators were called by the affectionate name of brothers. One of these young ladies, who was not easily satisfied by ordinary pain, wanted to try her own skill, and jumped with impunity into the fire—an exploit which obtained for her the glorious epithet of Sister Salamander. These desperate maniacs, moreover, strove to display a state of purity and innocence, by whining and wheedling like spoiled children, and assumed infantile names. One was called *L’Imbécile*, another *l’Aboyeuse*, a third *La Ninette*, and they used to beg and cry for barley-sugar and cakes; and the most ingenious could never guess that by barley-sugar they meant a stick big enough to fell a bullock, and cakes meant paving-stones. The excesses of these enthusiasts were at last carried to such a length, and their ceremonies were debased by such obscenities, that the police were obliged to interfere and forbid their detestable practices.

Another form of disordered imagination is that termed Longings, which, however, are frequently mere whims,

which the slightest self-resolve would banish. Sometimes they are real conditions of temporary insanity, as in the following

## CASES OF LONGING.

A woman at Andernach, on the Rhine, longed for her husband, murdered him, ate what she could of him, and salted the rest. Tulpus mentions another longing lady, who devoured 1,400 red herrings during her pregnancy. Ludovicus Vives relates the case of a woman, who longed for a bite in a young man's neck, and who would have miscarried had she not been gratified. Roderick à Castro tells us of another amiable female, who had set her heart upon biting off a bit of a baker's shoulder; the husband bribed the baker at so much a bite, but the poor fellow would only "stand treat" once.

The slightest physical causes will often impair the healthy action of the mind, and produce the most extraordinary effects, especially in the partial destruction of particular faculties and the partial excitement of others. Dr. MILLINGEN recounts the following:—

A man, struck by the shaft of a cart, was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital with a concussion of the brain; as he recovered from the accident, he spoke a language unknown to his attendants, but which a Welsh milkman, who was in the ward, stated to be Welsh—and he immediately conversed in that tongue with the patient. It was found, upon inquiry, that he was by birth a Welshman, but having left his native land in his youth, he had forgotten his native dialect, which he had not spoken for upwards of thirty years. H.R.H. the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, Stéphanie, assured me that she was but an indifferent German scholar, until she laboured under a nervous fever, during which, to the surprise of the ladies of her court and her attendants, she spoke the language both fluently and correctly. Coleridge mentions the case of an ignorant servant-girl, who, during a paroxysm of fever, repeated with perfect correctness passages of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew: and it was at length found out that she had lived in the service of a learned clergyman, who had been in the habit of walking about the house reciting aloud passages in those languages. Dr. Rush mentions an Italian gentleman, who in the beginning of an illness spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death expressed himself in his native tongue. In the Assembly Missionary Magazine we read of the account of the Rev. W. Tennant, who, while engaged in a conversation in Latin with his brother, fell into a trance, and was to all appearance dead. His friends were actually invited to his funeral, but his medical attendant, on examining the body, thought that he discerned signs of life: he had remained three days in this state of suspended animation, when he gradually recovered; but in such a state of total oblivion of the past, that, observing his sister reading a book, he asked her what she had in her hand; on her reply that it was a Bible, he said—"A Bible! what's a Bible?" He was now totally forgetful of every former transaction, was taught again to read and write, and to learn Latin with the aid of his brother; until, one day, in repeating a lesson from Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly felt a shock in the head, and he then could speak Latin as fluently as before his illness. Boerhaave gives a most extraordinary instance of oblivion in the case of a Spanish tragic author, who had so completely lost his memory after a fever, that he forgot not only his own language, but even the alphabet. His own poems and works were shewn to him, but he could not be persuaded that they were his productions. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which had so striking a resemblance to his former writings, that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.

And here we pause again, but purposing to return to these amusing and instructive pages.

The following useful warning is extracted from a correspondent of the Times:—"Entering a chemist's shop, a nurse came in for four ounces of ether. As the chemist poured it out, he said to me, 'This is all the go now; it is used for inhalation. A small apparatus has been invented for ladies. So delightful are the sensations it produces, that persons who have used it for the relief of pain, continue to use it for the pleasure it affords.' On a former occasion I had warned a chemist of the danger of yield-

ing to a habit which would become his master. The warning was neglected; the habit has gained the mastery, and the man of talent and of energy has become the imbecile, drivelling idiot. The inhalation of ether, the smoking of opium, and all other narcotic vapours, come under the same category. They delight the animal sensations, while they destroy the moral sentiments; they introduce their victims into a fool's paradise; they mock them with toys which end in sorrows—with happiness which leads to misery—with coruscations of life which are extinguished in premature death. Let every one who values free agency beware of the slavery of etherisation. Yours, &c. MENTOR."

## Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &amp;c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

883. NEXT OF KIN of RICHARD MATHIAS, formerly of Hayston, Pembroke, and afterwards of Spring Cottage, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, died Nov. 1835.
884. RELATIONS of NEXT OF KIN of MARGARET DOGGERTY, otherwise DOHERTY, otherwise DOUGHERTY, widow, of the Red Cow Inn, Newport, Monmouthshire (died, Jan. 1837). *Something to advantage.*
885. HEIR of HEIRS-AT-LAW of ABRAHAM WOOD, of Ardwick within Manchester, gent. (died in August, 1830). *To come in and claim.*
886. HEIR of HEIRS-AT-LAW of CHRYSOGAN VAUGHAN (died in June 1789), wife of Rev. Richard Vaughan, of Thrupton, Hereford, clerk.
887. CHILDREN of JOHN PROTHORPE, of Clifton, Gloucester (died Dec. 19, 1819), or their representatives.
888. NEXT OF KIN of ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, of Upper Belgrave-place, Middlesex, spinster, died April 28, 1839.
889. HEIR of HEIRS-AT-LAW of THOMAS FINCH, of Arundel, Sussex, died in 1820.
890. NEXT OF KIN of MARY ANN MONTAGUE, formerly of Camberwell, Surrey, and afterwards the widow of Charles Montague, esq. of Camberwell aforesaid, and of the Chamberlain's Office, Guildhall, London. She was the daughter of Luke Sykes, of Upper Thames-street, London, and afterwards of Camberwell, sugar refiner, and street, London, and Mary Rouse. *Something to advantage.*
891. JOHN GRIFFITH, nephew of John Griffith, of Bonhill, Sussex, gent. deceased, or his WIDOW and CHILD, or CHILDREN and NEXT OF KIN or their representative.
892. NEXT OF KIN of MARGARET STRUGGOLD, of Dalby-terrace, Islington, Middlesex, widow, formerly of Leigh, near Sherborne, and afterwards of Stepney, Middlesex (died June 1833), or their representatives.
893. HEIR, or HEIRS-AT-LAW and NEXT OF KIN, of ELIZABETH PHIPPS, of Fishponds, Stapleton, Gloucester, spinster, a lunatic.
894. DR. BELL, the NEPHEW or other the NEXT OF KIN of J. F. G. BELL, of Berlin, Prussia, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
895. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN THOMAS, late a seaman on board the merchant-ship *James Patterson*, at sea, a bachelor, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
896. NEPHEWS and NIECES of THOMAS HODGKINS, late of Ashted, parish of Aston, near Birmingham, gent. deceased. Legatees under his will.
897. NEXT OF KIN of ELLEN FISHER, wife of John Fisher, of Lytham, Lancaster; formerly ELLEN BELSHAW, widow, or their representatives.
898. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN WILSON MORTLOCK, of Cambridge (died August 31, 1833). Also, NEXT OF KIN of WILLIAM MORTLOCK, of Cambridge, tailor (died February 23, 1828), or their representatives.
899. SARAH SALMON or MARY ANN SALMON, daughters of William and Mary Salmon, of Great Ealing, Middlesex. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

The scale for advertising in THE CRITIC is

For 50 words or less ..... 5s.

For every additional 10 words .. 6d.

For which a post-office order should be inclosed.

NB. For insertion in the first page the charge is one-fourth more, if expressly ordered for that page.

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, June 11.—Mr. Roach Smith, the secretary, brought before the meeting the subject of a discovery he had made on the coast of Essex, at a place called St. Peter's-on-the-Wall, near Bradwell, which appears to be the site of a town mentioned by the Venerable Bede as existing in



his time. This town was called by him Ythancester. The remains now existing were described by Mr. Smith to consist of a building, evidently Saxon, in the construction of which he discovered a considerable quantity of Roman bricks and tiles, of a similar character to those often met with in ancient buildings in Essex. This building is now a farm-house, and, with the exception of a few irregularities in the adjoining fields, shewing the foundations of houses, is the only relic of a once important Roman and Saxon town. The building, Mr. Smith supposed, was the church built by Cedd, according to the account handed down by the monkish historians. In the immediate vicinity is a Roman station. These objects were slightly mentioned by Morant, who relates that the church was partly destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century.

Chelsea, Feb. 21, 1844.

"DEAR COUSIN ALEX'R.—I have looked over your verses, and am well pleased to observe that you possess an intelligent mind, an open, affectionate heart, and are heartily disposed to do what you can for instructing and unfolding yourself. My very sincere wish is that these good qualities may be well turned to account, and help to make you a useful man and effectual 'doer of your work' in this world. There can be no harm in amusing your leisure with verses, if you find it an amusement; but certainly I would by no means recommend you to prosecute it in any way as an employment, for in that sense I think it can turn to nothing but an obstruction and a disappointment. Verse-writing, notwithstanding all the talk you hear about it, is in almost all cases a totally idle affair: a man was *not* sent into this world to write verses—no! If he finds himself called to speak, let him speak, manfully, some words of truth and soberness; and, in general, leave the singing and verse-making part of it, till the very last extremity of some inward or outward call drive him irresistibly thither. Nay, in these times, I observe there is less and less attention paid to things in verse; and serious persons everywhere find themselves disposed to hear what a man has to say the *shortest way and the directest*—that is to say, disencumbered of rhyme. I, for my share, am well content with this tendency of the world.

"If you will prosecute the cultivation of your speculative faculties, which, surely, is highly laudable in all men, then I should think it would be a much likelier method that you addicted yourself to acquiring real information about the things that exist around you in this world, and that have existed here; this, surely, must be the basis of all good results in the way of thought, speech, or speculation for a man. In a word, I would have you employ your leisure in reading instructive books, conversing with intelligent men, anxiously seeking out such, anxiously endeavouring to render yourself worthy of such. In Hawick there must be some public library, or perhaps there are several. I would have you struggle to get admittance to one of these; perhaps, above all, to read them for you. To read even a few good books, advancement, a way that will become always the clearer, too, the further one steadily perseveres in it. But, on the whole, it should always be kept in mind, that a man's faculty is not given him in the long run for speculation; that no man's faculty is so given him. The harmony of soul which would fain utter itself from you in rhymed verses, how much nobler to make it utter itself in rhyme and conduct! In excellent, manful endeavour to subdue the ruggedness of your life under your feet, and everywhere make order reign around you of what is disorder! This is a task all men are born to, and all other tasks are either nothing, or else branches of this. Whether these hurried words will have any light for you at present, I know not; but, if my wishes could avail, you should not want for guidance. Tell your good little sister to be very careful of the spring winds; summer will help her. Give my kind regards to your father; and, persisting with the best insight you have, prosper well. Yours, very truly,

T. CARLYLE."

DEATH OF JOHN BLANE, BURN'S PLOUGHMAN.—Died at Kilmarnock, on the 13th ultimo, Mr. John Blane, formerly coach driver, in the 85th year of his age. By the demise of Mr. Blane, another of those links which connect the poet Burns with the present generation is removed. During the period Burns held the farm of Mossiel, deceased was in his service, and, we believe, first acted as gadsman, and afterwards "essay'd the handling of the plough" on the ground made memorable by the turning up, by the ruthless ploughshare, of the mouse's nest, and of the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower." Deceased frequently accompanied Burns in his visits to the "Mauchline Belles;" and several anecdotes regarding the great bard have, it is feared, been lost for the want of a chronicler. With one exception, there is now none in Kilmarnock who were well acquainted with Burns.

person. It is said that proceedings have been commenced in the Ecclesiastical Court against Archdeacon Woodhouse as the author, and Messrs. Longman and Company as the publishers, of a pamphlet entitled "Subscription the Disgrace of the English

Church." When Mr. Woodhouse was recently made Archdeacon of Norfolk, a number of the clergy in the archdeaconry were dissatisfied with the appointment, in consequence of the doctrines the reverend gentleman had expressed in his work. They obtained legal opinions that the writer and publisher of the pamphlet were amenable to the Church Discipline Act; applied to the Archdeacon to retract the offensive doctrines; and on his refusal, commenced an action.

PASSPORTS.—It is important to the convenience of English travellers on the Continent to know that they have no business to give their passports at any hotel, nor has any hotel-keeper any right to demand them. The manner innkeepers ask for gentlemen's passports is an impertinence, and the answer should be, "I will give you my name and destination, and the police my passport when asked for." Moreover, no English passport should be parted with, even for ten minutes.—*Bruges John Bull.*

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adam Brown, by Horace Smith, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Affection's Gift and Poet's Offering, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Alister's (D.) Chapter for Conveyancers, royal 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, a new translation from the Text of Bekker, with explanatory Notes by Rev. D. P. Chase, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
- Bames' (A.) Notes on the Acts of the Apostles. Edited by Rev. J. Cohn. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bennett's (Rev. J. D.D.) Lectures on Infidelity, 3rd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bohn's Standard Library, Vol. XXII. "Coxe's History of the House of Austria, Vol. III." 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Bourn's (C.) Principles and Practice of Engineering and Surveying, 3rd edit. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Bury's (T. T.) Remains of Ecclesiastical Wood-work, 4to. 21s. half mor.
- Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, new edit. imp. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Christian Examples for the Young, sq. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl. 10s. 6d. mor.; 12s. 6d. mor. elegant.—Cobbler's (Rev. J.) Bible Remembrancer, sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl. gilt edges.—Coghlan's Hand-Book of Central Europe, 3rd edit. 12mo. 12s. cl.—Coghlan's Pocket Picture of London, new edit. 32mo. 3s. cl.
- Davidson's Universal Melodist, Vol. I. 8vo. 8s. cl.—Des Carrières's (M.) New Set of French Idiomatical Phrases and Familiar Dialogues, 12th edit. with a compendious vocabulary, sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Deshon's (H.) On Gold and Consumption, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Dibdin's (Charles) Songs, "Davidson's Edition," Vol. I. 8vo. 8s. cl.—Duke's (Rev. H. H.) Analysis of Butler's Analogy of Religion, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
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